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THE SULTAN.

WITH the Eastern question still unsettled, though happily somewhat denuded of its more threatening aspects; and with a Conference of the great signatories to the unlucky Treaty, or their representatives, announced for London within a few weeks, a good deal of public interest must necessarily centre just now in the subject of our present engraving. Moreover, the Sultan rules, and his nephew or his son may be called upon to rule, the noblest regions of the old hemisphere. From the Danube to the Persian Gulf the authority of Abdul Aziz is obeyed, whilst his primacy is acknowledged by the virtually independent rulers of Northern Africa. Even after the conquests of Russia and the revolution of Greece, the Turkish Empire is one of the largest in the world, and its situation, stretching as it does over the finest parts of three continents, is advantageous beyond comparison. It might be made one of the most powerful and prosperous dominions that ever were united under one ruler. It extends from the genial part of the temperate zone to a climate where every tropical plant may be raised, and if ever an empire might aspire to be independent of foreign productions, it is that ruled by the Sultan and his vassals, though unhappily its place in the politics and history of the world is but too well known.

Abdul Aziz Khan was born on the 9th of February, 1830, and is therefore now in the prime of life. He is the second son of the Sultan Mahmoud Khan, who died in 1839, and brother of the late Sultan Abdul Medjid, on whose death, in the summer of 1861, he ascended the throne of the Ottoman Empire, according to the custom which prefers a brother to a son as heir. He has much stronger military tastes than his predecessor, and by negotiating in the London money-market various loans, the terms of which, to do him and his Government justice, are now being fairly adhered to, he has been enabled to greatly strengthen the war power of the empire; so much so, indeed, that it is now stated in many quarters by those well competent to form an accurate opinion on the subject, that he would be enabled on a short notice to oppose to



THE SULTAN.

(From a Photograph.)

Russia, should she attempt serious aggressive designs, a military and naval force nearly as powerful as any the Czar could hurl against him. The Sultan's own court and relations form no small family, as their list in the French Court Register shows, the nephews and nieces alone numbering fifteen, with Amurath Murad Effendi, the heir presumptive, who was born Sept. 21, 1840, at their head.

The Sultan, who has concluded treaties of commerce with France and England, visited the Paris Exhibition early in July, 1867, and a few days later, on the 12th of the month, landed at Dover, and was, as many of our readers will remember, enthusiastically received in London. He and his household were

accompanied across the Channel by a squadron including some of the finest ships of the British navy, and under their salutes and those of the Castle of Dover the Ottoman Sovereign landed. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge received the illustrious guest on the threshold of the British dominions, and accompanied him to London. The progress from Charing-cross to Buckingham Palace was as fine a sight as could be seen in any country, the state carriages, with their magnificent horses and gorgeously-arrayed attendants, giving an air of grandeur to the proceeding which befitted an Imperial entry. Then, early in the afternoon, the Sultan found himself under the roof of a British Sovereign, and the Ottoman standard, with the crescent and star, floated over Buckingham Palace. Thus the Great Prince of the East, the "Grand Turk" of so many direful histories, the chief of the religion which for centuries was dreaded as the most deadly enemy of Christendom, entered for the first time into the palace of an English Queen, and the flags representative of the Cross and the Crescent waved side by side. Then, having caught so big a fish, we of course exhibited to him our greatness, and what fun we innocently made of him in doing so! We gave a monster musical festival in his honour at that resort of British Philistines—the Crystal Palace; we surfeited him with dull speeches from pompous mayors; and we further entertained his Majesty with a grand review at Portsmouth, the sole characteristics of which were a stiff gale of wind, smoke, and general disappointment and discomfort; so that no doubt he was duly impressed with our magnificence, and departed highly delighted accordingly! The subsequent visit of the Empress Eugenie to Constantinople, when on her Eastern tour, will doubtless be fresh in the minds of our readers, as will also the magnificent reception that was accorded to her, the particulars of which read like a veritable chapter of the Arabian Nights. Alas, what changes time has wrought! The illustrious lady who was then the object of admiration and almost adulation is now a refugee in England, living privately and well-nigh unnoticed.



The Cryptogram.

By the Author of "The Dodge Club," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

OBEED STANDS AT BAY.

ON leaving Marcellus all Zillah's troubles seemed to return to her once more. The presence of Windham had dispelled them for a time; now that he was present no longer there was nothing to save her from sorrow. She had certainly enough to weigh down any one. The death of the Earl, the cruel discovery of those papers in her father's drawer by which there seemed to be a stain on her father's memory, the intolerable insult which she had endured in that letter from Guy to his father, the desperate resolution to fly, the anguish which she had endured on Hilda's account, and, finally, the agony of that lone voyage in the drifting schooner—all these now came back to her with fresher violence, recurring again with overpowering force from the fact that they had been kept off so long. Yet there was not one memory among all these which so subdued her as the memory of the parting scene with Windham. Would she ever meet him again? Perhaps not. Or why should she? Of what avail would it be?

Passing over those waters where once she had known what it was to be betrayed, and had tasted of the bitterness of death, she did not find that they had power to renew the despair which they once had caused. Behind the black memory of that hour of anguish rose up another memory which engrossed all her thoughts. If she had tears, it was for this. It was Windham, whose image filled all her soul, and whose last words echoed through her heart. For as she gazed on these waters it was not of the drifting schooner that she thought, not of the hours of intense watchfulness, not of the hope deferred that gradually turned into despair; it was rather of the man who, as she had often heard since, was the one who first recognised her, and came to her in her senselessness, and bore her in his arms back to life. Had he done well in rescuing her? Had he not saved her for a greater sorrow?

Those into whose society she had been thrown respected her grief and her reticence. For the first day she had shut herself up in her room; but the confinement became intolerable, and she was forced to go out on deck. She somewhat dreaded lest Obed Chute, out of the very kindness of his heart, should come and try to entertain her. She did not feel in the mood for talking. Any attempt at entertaining her she felt would be unendurable. But she did not know the perfect refinement of sentiment that dwelt beneath the rough exterior of Obed. He seemed at once to divine her state of mind. With the utmost delicacy he found a place for her to sit, but said little or nothing to her, and for all the remainder of the voyage treated her with a silent deference of attention which was most grateful. She knew that he was not neglectful. She saw a hundred times a day that Obed's mind was filled with anxiety about her, and that to minister to her comfort was his one idea. But it was not in words that this was expressed. It was in helping her up and down from the cabin to the deck, in fetching wraps, in speaking a cheerful word from time to time, and, above all, in keeping his family away from her, that he showed his watchful attention. Thus the time passed and Zillah was left to brood over her griefs, and to conjecture hopelessly and at random about the future. What would that future bring forth?

At last they landed at Naples. Obed took the party to a handsome house on the Strada Nuova, where he had lodged when he was in Naples before, and where he obtained a suite of apartments in front, which commanded a magnificent view of the bay, with all its unrivalled scenery, together with the tumultuous life of the street below. Here he left them, and departed himself almost immediately to begin his search after Hilda. Her letter mentioned that she was stopping at the Hotel de l'Europe in the Strada Toledo, and to this place he first directed his way.

On arriving there he found a waiter who could speak English, which was a fortunate thing, in his opinion, as he could not speak a word of any other language. He at once asked if a lady by the name of Miss Lorton was stopping there.

The waiter looked at him with a peculiar glance, and surveyed him from head to foot. There was something in the expression of his face which appeared very singular to Obed—a mixture of eager curiosity and surprise, which to him, to say the least, seemed uncalled for under the circumstances. He felt indignant at such treatment from a waiter.

"If you will be kind enough to stare less and answer my question," said he, "I will feel obliged; but perhaps you don't understand English."

"I beg pardon," said the other, in very good English; "but what was the name of the lady?"

"Miss Lorton," said Obed.

The waiter looked at him again with the same peculiar glance, and then replied:—

"I don't know, but I will ask. Wait here a moment."

Saying this he departed, and Obed saw him speaking to some half-a-dozen persons in the hall very earnestly and hurriedly; then he went off, and in about five minutes returned in company with the master of the hotel.

"Were you asking after a lady?" said he, in very fair English, and bowing courteously to Obed.

"I was," said Obed, who noticed at the same time that this man was regarding him with the same expression of eager and scrutinising curiosity which he had seen on the face of the other.

"And what was the name?"

"Miss Lorton."

"Miss Lorton?" repeated the other; "yes, she is here. Will you be kind enough to follow me to the drawing-room until I see whether she is at home or not, and make her acquainted with your arrival?"

At this information, which was communicated with

extreme politeness, Obed felt such immense relief that he forgot altogether about the very peculiar manner in which he had been scrutinised. A great weight seemed suddenly to have been lifted off his mind. For the first time in many weeks he began to breathe freely. He thought of the joy which he would bring to that poor young girl who had been thrown so strangely under his protection, and who was so sad. For a moment he hesitated whether to wait any longer or not. His first impulse was to hurry away and bring her here; but then he thought it would be far better to wait, and take back Miss Lorton with him in triumph to her sister.

The others watched his momentary hesitation with some apparent anxiety; but at length it was dispelled by Obed's reply:—

"Thank you. I think I had better wait and see her. I hope I won't be detained long."

"Oh no. She is doubtless in her room. You will only have to wait a few minutes."

Saying this they led the way to a pleasant apartment looking out on the Strada Toledo, and here Obed took a seat, and lost himself in speculations as to the appearance of the elder Miss Lorton.

In about five minutes the door opened, but as it did so, his eyes were greeted by a sight very different from what he anticipated. No graceful lady-like form was there—no elder and maturer likeness of that Miss Lorton whose face was now so familiar to him, and so dear—but a dozen or so gendarmes, headed by the landlord. The latter entered the room, while the others stood outside in the hall.

"Well," said Obed, angrily. "What is the meaning of this parade? Where is Miss Lorton?"

"These gentlemen," said the landlord, with much politeness, "will convey you to the residence of that charming lady."

"It seems to me," said Obed, sternly, "that you have been humbugging me. Give me a civil answer, or I'll wring your neck. Is Miss Lorton here or not?"

The landlord stepped back hastily a pace or two, and made a motion to the gendarmes. A half-dozen of these filed into the room, and arranged themselves by the windows. The rest remained in the hall.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Obed. "Are you crazy?"

"The meaning is this," said the other, sharply and fiercely. "I am not the landlord of the Hotel de l'Europe, but sub-agent of the Neapolitan police. And I arrest you in the name of the King."

"Arrest me!" cried Obed. "What do you mean?"

"It means, Monsieur, that you are trapped at last. I have watched for you for seven weeks, and have got you now. You need not try to resist. That is impossible."

Obed looked round in amazement. What was the meaning of it all? There were the gendarmes—six in the hall, and six in the room. All were armed. All looked prepared to fall on him at the slightest signal.

"Are you a born fool," he cried at last, turning to the "agent." "Do you know what you are doing? I am an American and a gentleman. What do you mean by this insult, and these beggarly policemen?"

"I was ordered to watch for any one who might come here and ask for 'Miss Lorton,'" said the agent, who, cowed by the ferocious attitude of Obed, spoke like a criminal to a judge. "I have watched here for seven weeks. You came to-day, and you are under arrest."

"Ah!" said Obed, as a light began to flash upon him. "Who ordered you to watch?"

"The Prefect."

"Do you know anything about the person whom you were to arrest?"

"No."

"Don't you know his crime?"

"No. It had something to do with the French police."

"Do you know his name?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"Gualtier," said the agent.

"And you think I am Gualtier?"

"Yes."

"And so there is no such person as Miss Lorton here?"

"No."

"Hasn't she been here at all?"

"No; no such person has ever been here."

"That'll do," said Obed gravely, and with some sadness in his face. "My good friend," said he, "you've made a mistake, and put me to some annoyance, but you've only done your duty. I forgive you. I am not

this man Gualtier whom you are after, but I am the man that is after him. Perhaps it would have been better for me to have gone straight to the police-station when I first came, but I thought I'd find her here. However, I can go there now. I have a message and a letter of introduction to the prefect of police here from the prefect at Marseilles, which I am anxious now to deliver as soon as possible. So I'll go with you after all."

The agent still looked dubious; but Obed, who was in a hurry now, and had got over his indignation, took from his pocket-book some official documents bearing the marks of the French prefecture, and addressed to that of Naples. This satisfied the agent, and, with many apologies, he walked off with Obed down to the door, and there entering a cab, they drove to the prefecture.

CHAPTER XL.

GLIMPSES OF THE TRUTH.

Meanwhile, during Obed's absence, Zillah remained in the Strada Nuova. The windows looked out upon the street and upon the bay, commanding a view of the most glorious scenery on earth, and also of the most exciting street spectacles which any city can offer. Full of impatience though she was, she could not remain unaffected by that first glimpse of Naples, which she then obtained from those windows by which she was sitting. For what city is like Naples? Beauty, life, laughter, gaiety, all have their home here. The air itself is intoxication. The giddy crowds that whirl along in every direction seem to belong to a different and a more joyous race than sorrowing humanity. For ages Naples has been "the captivating," and still she possesses the same charm, and she will possess it for ages yet to come.

The scene upon which Zillah gazed was one which might have brought distraction and alleviation to cares and griefs even heavier than hers. Never had she seen such a sight as this which she now beheld. There before her spread away the deep blue waters of Naples Bay, dotted by the snow-white sails of countless vessels, from the small fishing-boat up to the giant ship of war. On that sparkling bosom of the deep was represented almost everything that floats, from the light, swift, and curiously-rigged lagoon sloop, to the modern mail packet. Turning from the sea the eye might rest upon the surrounding shores, and find there material of even deeper interest. On the right, close by, was the projecting castle, and sweeping beyond this the long curving beach, above which, far away, rose the green trees of the gardens of the Villa Reale. Farther away rose the hills on whose slope stands what is claimed to be the grave of Virgil, whose picturesque monument, whether it be really his or not, suggests his well-known epithet—

I sing flocks, tillage, heroes. Mantua gave

Me life; Brundisium death; Naples a grave.

Through those hills runs the "Titanic grotto" of Posilippo, which leads to that historic land beyond—the land of the Cumæans and Oscans; or, still more, the land of the luxurious Romans of the empire; where Sylla lived, and Cicero loved to retire; which Julius loved, and Horace, and every Roman of taste or refinement. There spread away the lake Lucrine, bordered by the Elysian Fields; there was the long grotto through which Æneas passed; where once the Cumæan Sibyl dwelt and delivered her oracles. There was Misenum, where once the Roman navy rode at anchor; Baïæ, where once all Roman luxury loved to pass the summer season; Puteoli, where St. Paul landed when on his way to Caesar's throne. There were the waters in which Nero thought to drown Agrippina, and over which another Roman emperor built that colossal bridge which set at defiance the prohibition of nature. There was the rock of Ischia, terminating the line of coast; and out at sea, immediately in front of the island of Capri, for ever associated with the memory of Tiberius, with his deep wiles, his treachery, and his remorseless cruelty. There, too, on the left and nearest Capri, were the shores of Sorrento, that earthly paradise whose trees are always green, whose fruits are always ripe; there the cave of Polyphemus penetrates the lofty mountains, and brings back that song of Homer by which it is immortalised. Coming nearer, the eye rested on the winding shores of Castellamare, or vineyards and meadows and orchards, which fill all this glorious land. Nearer yet the scene was dominated by the stupendous form of Vesuvius, at once the glory and the terror of all this scene, from whose summit there never ceases to come that thin line of smoke, the symbol of possible ruin to all who dwell within sight of it. Round it lie the buried cities, whose charred remains have been exhumed to tell what may yet be the fate of those other younger cities which have arisen on their ashes.

While the scene beyond was so enthralling, there was one nearer which was no less so. This was the street itself, with that wild, never-ending rush of riotous, volatile, multitudinous life, which can be equalled by no other city. There the crowd swept along on horseback, on wheels, on foot; gentlemen riding for pleasure, or dragons on duty; parties driving into the country; tourists on their way to the environs; market farmers with their rude carts; wine-sellers; fig-dealers; pedlars of oranges, of dates, of aniseet, of water, of macaroni. Through the throng innumerable calashes dashed to and fro, crowded down in true Neapolitan fashion, with inconceivable numbers; for in Naples the calash is not full unless a score or so are in some way clinging to it—above, below, before, behind. There, too, most marked of all, were the lazzaroni, whose very existence in Naples is a sign of the ease with which life is sustained in so fair a spot, who are born no one knows where, who live no one knows how, but who secure as much of the joy of life as any other human beings; the strange result of that endless combination of races which have come together in Naples—the Greek, the Italian, the Norman, the Saracen, and Heaven only knows what else.

Such scenes as these, such crowds, such life, such universal movement, for a long time attracted Zillah's attention; and she watched them with childish eagerness. At last, however, the novelty was over, and she began to wonder why Obed Chute had not returned. Looking at her watch she found, to her amazement, that two hours had passed since his departure. He had left at ten; it

was then midday. What was keeping him? She had expected him back before half an hour, but he had not yet returned. She had thought that it needed but a journey to the Hotel de l'Europe to find Hilda, and bring her there. Anxiety began to rise in her mind, and the scenes outside lost all charm for her. Her impatience increased till it became intolerable. Miss Chute sat in agitation, and made some attempts to soothe her, but in vain. In fact, by one o'clock Zillah had given up all sorts of fears. Sometimes she thought that Hilda had grown tired of waiting and had gone back to England, and was now searching through France and Italy for her; again she thought that perhaps she had experienced a relapse and had died here in Naples, far away from all friends, while she herself was loitering in Marseilles; and another time her fears took a more awful turn—her thoughts centred in Gualtier—and she imagined that he had, perhaps, come on to Naples to deal to Hilda that fatal blow which he had tried to deal to her. These thoughts were all maddening, and filled her with uncontrollable agitation. She felt sure at last that some dread thing had happened, which Obed Chute had discovered, and which he feared to reveal to her. Therefore he kept away; and on no other grounds could she account for his long-continued absence.

Two o'clock passed—and three, and four, and five. The suspense was fearful to Zillah, so fearful, indeed, that at last she felt that it would be a relief to hear any news—even the worst.

At length her suspense was ended. About half-past five Obed returned. Anxiety was on his face, and he looked at Zillah with an expression of the deepest pity and commiseration. She on her part advanced to meet him with white lips and trembling frame, and laid on his hand her own, which was like ice.

"You have not found her?" she faltered, in a scarce audible voice.

Obed shook his head.
"She is dead, then!" cried Zillah; "she is dead! She died here—among strangers—in Naples, and I—I delayed in Marseilles!"

A deep groan burst from her, and all the anguish of self-reproach and keen remorse swept over her soul.

Obed Chute looked at her earnestly and mournfully.
"My child," said he, taking her little hand tenderly in both of his—"my poor child—you need not be afraid that your sister is dead. She is alive—as much as you are."

"Alive?" cried Zillah, rousing herself from her despair.
"Alive!" God be thanked! Have you found that out! But where is she?"

"It would take a man with a head as long as a horse to tell that," said Obed, sententially.

"What do you mean? Have you not found out that? How do you know that she is alive? You only hope so—as I do. You do not know so. Oh, do not, do not keep me in suspense!"

"I mean," said Obed, slowly and solemnly, "that this sister of yours has never been in Naples; that there is no such steamer in existence as that which she mentions in her letter which you showed me; that there is no such ship, and no such captain, and no such captain's wife, as she writes about; and that no such person was those which you picked up adrift in that way and brought here, except your own poor innocent, trustful, loving self—you, my poor dear child, who have been betrayed by miserable assassins. And!" cried Obed, with a deeper solemnity in his voice, raising up at the same time his colossal arm and his clenched fist to heaven, "I swear I'll trace all this out yet, and pay it out in full to these devils!"

"Oh, my God!" cried Zillah. "What do you mean? Do you mean that Hilda has not been here at all?"

"No such person has ever been in Naples."
"Why, was she not picked up adrift? And where could they have taken her?"

"She never was picked up. Rely upon that. No such ship as the one she mentions has ever been here."

"Then she has written down 'Naples' in mistake," cried Zillah, while a shudder passed through her at Obed's frightful insinuation.

"No," said Obed. "She wrote it down deliberately, and wrote it several times. Her repetition of that name, her description of the charms of Naples, show that she did this intentionally. Besides, your envelope has the Naples postage stamps and the Naples postmarks. It was posted here, whether it was written here or not. It was sent from here to fetch you to this place, on this journey, which resulted as you remember."

"What do you mean?" cried Zillah, as the full horror of Obed's meaning began to dawn upon her. "What do you mean? Do you wish to drive me to despair? Tell me where you have been and what you have done. Is any new grief coming?"

"My child, the Lord on high knows," said Obed Chute, with solemn emphasis, "that I would cut off my right hand rather than bring back to you the news I do. But what can be done? It is best for you to know the whole truth, bitter as it is."

"Go on," said Zillah, with an effort to be calm.

"Come," said Obed, and led her to a seat. "Calm yourself, and prepare for the worst. For at the outset, and by way of preparation and warning, I will say that yours is a little the darkest case that I ever got acquainted with. The worst of it is that there is ever so much behind it all which I don't know anything about."

Zillah leaned her head upon her hand and looked at him with awful forebodings.

"When I left you," said Obed Chute, "I went at once to the Hotel de l'Europe, expecting to find her there, or at least to hear of her. I will not relate the particulars of my inquiry there. I will only say that no such person as Miss Lorton had been there. I found, however, that the police had been watching there for seven weeks for Gualtier. I went with them to the Prefecture of Police. I gave my letter of introduction from the Prefect of Marseilles, and was treated with the utmost attention. The Prefect himself informed me that they had been searching into the whole case for weeks. They had examined all the vessels that had arrived, and had inspected all their logs. They had searched through foreign papers. They had visited every house in the city to

which a stranger might go. The Prefect showed me his voluminous reports, and went with me to the Harbour Bureau to show me the names of ships which arrived here and were owned here. Never could there be a more searching investigation than this has been. What was the result?"

"Listen," said Obed, with impressive emphasis, yet compassionately, as Zillah hung upon his words. "I will tell you all in brief. First, no such person as Miss Lorton ever came to the Hotel de l'Europe. Secondly, no such person ever came to Naples at all. Thirdly, no ship arrived here at the date mentioned by your sister. Fourthly, no ship of that name ever came here at all. Fifthly, no ship arrived here at any time this year that had picked up any one at sea. The whole thing is untrue. It is a base fiction made up for some purpose."

"A fiction!" cried Zillah. "Never—never—she could not so deceive me."

"Can the writing be forged?"

"I don't see how it can," said Zillah, piteously. "I know her writing so well," and she drew the letter from her pocket. "See—it is a very peculiar hand—and then, how could any one speak as she does about those things of hers which she wished me to bring? No, it cannot be a forgery."

"It is not," said Obed Chute. "It is worse."
"Worse?"

"Yes, worse. If it had been a forgery she would not have been implicated in this. But now she does stand implicated in this horrible betrayal of you."

"Oh! how terrible! It must be impossible. Oh, Sir! we have lived together and loved one another from childhood. She knows all my heart, as I know hers. How can it be? Perhaps in her confusion she had imagined herself in Naples."

"No," said Obed, sternly. "I have told you about the postmarks."

"Oh, Sir! perhaps her mind was wandering after the suffering of that sea voyage."

"But she never had any voyage," said Obed Chute, grimly. "This letter was written by her somewhere with the intention of making you believe that she was in Naples. It was posted here. If she had landed in Palermo or any other place you would have had some sign of it. But see—there is not a sign. Nothing but 'Naples' is here, inside and out—nothing but 'Naples'; and she never came to Naples! She wrote this to bring you here."

"Oh, how severely you judge her! You will drive me mad by insinuating such things. How is it possible that one whom I know so well and love so dearly could be such as this? It cannot be."

"Listen, my child," said Obed Chute, tenderly. "Strengthen yourself. You have had much to bear in your young life, but this is easier to bear than that was which you must have suffered that morning when you first woke and found the water in your cabin. Tell me—in that hour when you rushed up on deck and saw that you were betrayed—in that hour—did no thought come to your mind that there was some other than Gualtier who brought this upon you?"

Zillah looked at him with a frightened face, and said not a word.

"Better to face the worst. Let the truth be known, and face it, whatever it is. Look, now. She wrote this letter which brought you here—this letter—every word of which is a lie; she it was who sent Gualtier to you to bring you here; she it was who recommended to you that miscreant who betrayed you, on whose tracks the police of France and Italy are already set. How do you suppose she will appear in the eyes of the French police? Guilty, or not guilty?"

Zillah muttered some inarticulate words, and then suddenly gasped out, "But the hat and the basket found by the fishermen?"

"Deceit—common tricks," said Obed Chute, scornfully. "Clumsy enough, but in this case successful."

Zillah groaned, and buried her face in her hands.

A long silence followed.

"My poor child," said Obed Chute, at last, "I have been all day making inquiries everywhere, and have already engaged the police to search out this mystery. There is one thing yet, however, which I wish to know, and you only can tell it. I am sorry to have to talk in this way, and give you any new troubles, but it is for your sake only, and for your sake there is nothing which I would not do. Will you answer me one question?"

Zillah looked up. Her face had now grown calm. The agitation had passed. The first shock was over, but this calm which followed was the calm of fixed grief—a grief too deep for tears.

"My question is this, and it is a very important one: Do you know, or can you conceive of any motive which could have actuated this person to plot against you in this way?"

"I do not."

"Think."

Zillah thought earnestly. She recalled the past, in which Hilda had always been so devoted; she thought of the dying Earl by whose bedside she had stood so faithfully; she thought of her deep sympathy with her when the writings were found in her father's desk; she thought of that deeper sympathy which she had manifested when Guy's letter was opened; she thought of her noble resolution in giving up all for her and following her into seclusion; she thought of their happy life in that quiet little seaside cottage. As all these memories rose before her the idea of Hilda being a traitor seemed more impossible than ever. But she no longer uttered any indignant remonstrance.

"I am bewildered," she said. "I can think of nothing but love and fidelity in connexion with her. All our lives she has lived with me and loved me. I cannot think of any imaginable motive. I can imagine that she, like myself, is the victim of some one else, but not that she can do anything else than love me."

"Yet she wrote that letter which is the cause of all your grief. Tell me," said he, after a pause, "has she money of her own?"

"Yes—enough for her support."

"Is she your sister?"

Zillah seemed startled.

"I do not wish to intrude into your confidence—I only ask this to gain some light while I am groping in the dark."

"She is not. She is no relation. But she has lived with me all my life, and is the same as a sister."

"Does she treat you as her equal?"

"Yes," said Zillah, with some hesitation, "that is—of late."

"But you have been her superior until of late?"

"Yes."

"Would you have any objection to tell her name?"

"Yes," said Zillah, "I cannot tell it. I will tell this much, Lorton is an assumed name. It belongs neither to her nor to me. My name is not Lorton."

"I know that," said Obed Chute. "I hope you will forgive me. It was not curiosity. I wished to investigate this to the bottom; but I am satisfied—I respect your secret. Will you forgive me for the pain I have caused you?"

Zillah placed her cold hand in his, and said:—
"My friend, do not speak so. It hurts me to have you ask my forgiveness."

Obed Chute's face beamed with pleasure.
"My poor child," he said, "you must go and rest yourself. Go and sleep; perhaps you will be better for it."

And Zillah dragged herself out of the room.

(To be continued.)

A LEAF.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WHERE the late leaves lit all the place
He left her, with her ashen face:
We shall not meet, he lightly cried;
Good-bye, sweetheart, the world is wide!

Though bright the sunshine on that day
Through the bare boughs around her lay,
She thought in blackest shadow stood
The melancholy autumn wood.

She bent, and lifted from the sod
A leaf whereon his foot had trod—
An idle leaf—but dead and dead,
It held the heart's blood of the year.

"Jeannette and Jeannot."

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

Author of "My Enemy's Daughter," "The Waterdale Neighbours," &c.



VA TRESILIAN was the prettiest girl in the small circle in which she shone. She lived in a little town in one of the southern counties, a town which combined the attractions of a garrison, a cathedral, and (being a seaport) a splendid stretch of strand. Society there was not very fast, to be sure, but it had the great recommendation that, if not fast, it certainly was not loose. The amusements were mild. There were balls (a few), and dancing-parties (a great many), and card-parties, in the winter; there were boating excursions, and bathing, and driving, and picnicking in the summer. This story tells of a time some fourteen or fifteen years ago, when croquet had not yet been invented, when suppers were still eaten, and when the young ladies, and even the gentlemen, at evening parties were expected to sing songs as a matter of course. In this country town I speak of things were so very backward, fashion travelled so very slowly down, that even the recital of a favourite poem was not an unusual contribution to the entertainment of an evening.

In this social circle, thus amusing itself, Eva Tresilian was, as I have said, the prettiest girl and the brightest. She sang, played, danced, rode, flirted admirably; and it is a pity that croquet was not a flourishing game in her girlish days, for foot and ankle were so very shapely and graceful. She was a romantic girl, too, and she raved about Tennyson's "Maid," then new to the reading world, and often dreamed of being the Princess, only with a different moral to the story; and she delighted in Bulwer's "Zanoni," and perhaps occasionally liked to fancy herself *une femme incomprise*. This thought, however, only arose to her mind whenever her lover said or did anything which jarred upon her feelings, whenever he indulged in a momentary fit of jealousy, or looked grave and discontented if she danced too often with somebody else.

Will Hepworth was her lover—her *fiancé*, one might almost say—for all the town assumed that they were engaged, and would soon be married. Will Hepworth was a tall, strong, manly fellow, with a great beard; his father was the principal banker of the town, and Will would have a fair property some time or other; and so occupied himself at present chiefly in hunting, fishing, rowing, and making love to Eva Tresilian, whose head hardly reached his shoulder. The course of true love was running very smoothly indeed with this fortunate pair; perhaps it was running too smoothly. Your artist soul, your soul made of fire, and of the sun, usually takes more delight in the Swiss torrent than in the Dutch canal, and Eva Tresilian delighted to believe that her nature was steeped in the atmosphere of art.

It was not a fortunate circumstance that brought to the garrison just about this time a certain celebrated regiment of light cavalry, to which belonged the Honourable Captain Rupert Dartwell, younger son of the Earl of Strongbow. Captain Dartwell was not a very young man, by any means, although a younger son. He was not, perhaps, far off forty years of age. He was nearly as tall as Will Hepworth, and he was, in a certain sense, as far as Will Hepworth, and he was, in a certain sense, as far as more striking personage in appearance. While Will was

fair and bright of complexion, Captain Dartwell was dark-haired and sallow; Will had a light beard, but Dartwell had what Guy Livingstone would call a cascade of black moustache. Then Dartwell had that peculiar expression, part melancholy, part stern, part "used up" and Don Giovanni-like, which belongs to a certain class of English military swell. Moreover, he had a wound on his forehead, won in some one of England's incessant frontier wars in Hindostan; and he had the reputation of having lived with wild companions of the highest rank and the lowest moral standard in London.

The moment Eva Tresilian looked first at the Honourable Captain Dartwell she felt an interest in him and admired him; the moment Will Hepworth saw the distinguished dragon he took a strong dislike to him; this dislike grew deeper and deeper, as it became evident that Will was a person of quite secondary interest in the eyes of his social circle when the dark-moustached, stern-looking soldier, who was the son of an earl and had looked on war, happened to stand near him.

When Eva first met the Captain (at one of the most brilliant balls of the little town's season) she danced with him several times, and she found that Dartwell, like most cavalry men, was a superb waltzer. Then he had an air and manner at once proud and caressing, chivalric and lazy, courteous and blasé, which imposes immensely on girls. His slightest attention to her was offered in a style which seemed to give special meaning to it, seemed to mark it out as something done for her and her only; and he ignored so calmly and gracefully some of the most pretentious people in the room that his courtesy and deference to Eva sent little throbs of pride and delight through her. The more often he met her the more attentive he became. He would stand by her chair and talk with her in a low tone, and bending his tall figure over her shoulder, for half an hour together, superbly unheeded of the fact that others were watching and waiting in vain for the chance of exchanging half-a-dozen words with her. He told her of travels and encampments and battles, not as Othello told his tales, but with a careless, almost contemptuous manner, as of one to whom the worst dangers of life were unexciting, and hardly even interesting.

In fact, Eva was a little dazzled by the manner and the attentions of the Honourable Captain Dartwell. Will Hepworth became jealous and irritable, and probably made himself occasionally ridiculous. Dartwell gave no outward sign of any particular emotion, but was doubtless rather pleased to note the evidences of emotion, very different in their kind, which his presence and his ways created in those around him.

Thus the weeks and months went on, and Dartwell's attentions to Eva became more and more distasteful to Will Hepworth. Yet there was hardly anything in them of which open complaint could be made; nothing like love-making could be seen; only poor Will felt that Eva was growing colder towards him the longer Dartwell remained in the town. At last there came news which ought to have gladdened the heart of Hepworth; the regiment to which Captain Dartwell belonged was ordered off to the Crimea to take a part in the campaign against the Russians. Alas! this very fact only tended to poor Will's further discomfiture, for it invested his rival—if Dartwell could be called a rival—with a new, touching, and pathetic interest in the romantic eyes of Miss E. H. Oh, how Will Hepworth wished that he were going to the wars—to fight against the Russians, the French, the Saracens, anybody—so that he might seem an interesting figure in Eva's mind, and purchase, even with his death, some of her tears!

A few nights before the departure of the regiment there was quite a brilliant little party at the house of one of the leaders of fashion in this town. Eva was there, looking very romantic, sad, and beautiful; Will Hepworth was there, looking sullen and out of sorts; Captain Dartwell was there, looking cool, composed, and stern, as usual, relaxing always into a graceful, smiling languor when Eva Tresilian was near. In the course of the night Eva was invited to sing, and Dartwell who stood near her, led her to the piano. She sang, accompanying herself, the little "Jeannette and Jeannot" song that used to be so popular when we were all a dozen years younger, and which one hardly ever hears now—the song in which the poor little maid takes a farewell of her soldier lover who is going to the wars, in the assurance that he will forget her, and wishes that there were no fighting men abroad, or weeping maids at home, and so forth; not a masterpiece of music or poetry, certainly, but having some simple nature at the heart of it—not incapable, under certain circumstances and conditions, even of drawing tears. Why on earth did Eva select that particular song for that particular occasion? Did she plunge into it unconsciously? Did she mean it to bear the interpretation all the listeners put on it? Assuredly every one in the room took it as the outpouring of the girl's grief and love—grief and love which might not be repressed, and which were called into cruel activity by the approaching departure of Captain Rupert Dartwell. To make the matter worse, poor Eva's voice began to give way towards the close of the ballad, and some of the listeners feared she was about to burst into tears, and that there would be a scene; and some eyes were turned inquiringly upon Will Hepworth, and some upon the Honourable Captain Dartwell, who bent his tall form over the shoulders of the singer.

Hepworth's heart was nearly torn asunder as he stood and listened to the first verse of this ill-omened ballad. But he had a manly heart, and it grew stronger and calmer as the singer went on. The thing was done, and hopeless, he thought to himself. "She loves him, and she does not love me. I know the worst and all is over. Nothing can add to my defeat and my sufferings; nothing can mitigate or diminish them. He does not love her, does not appreciate her; but that is no comfort to me. She can never be the same to me again." Every stout heart braces itself up and grows calmer when the worst is known; and Will Hepworth presently crossed the floor of the room with a firm step and a composed countenance. He made his way, not without some little difficulty and delay, up to Eva's side.

(To be concluded.)

PHANTOM DAYS.

SWEETHEART, when the year turns back,
And over her summer track
Goes trailing in robes of mist,
And holding her poor pale lips,
Chill with their half-eclipse,
Up to the sun to be kissed,
Then over the parting line
The dead days glimmering shine,
With pitiful faces fair.
They are perfect, all but breath,
And I mind me of their death
By the chill that is in the air.

Yet at the sight I yearn;
And oh, that they would return
With the love that I forego!
And I murmur, ah! how long?
And sorrow takes up her song—
"Till the rose blooms in the snow."

So all the story is told.
Cense, for the heart's cold,
And the winter claims its own.
In the first night of the frost
Beauty and bloom were lost,
And what is the stalk alone?

Oh, when will the rough winds blow,
And when will the blank white snow
Cover the dead from sight?
For, like the haze on the hill,
Lie on thought and will
The spell of a past delight.

So over the yellow leaves,
And the empty place of sheaves,
I follow my aimless feet,
Oh! love that is lost to me,
Are there ghosts that walked with thee
In this time of the bitter sweet?

Oh! what but the heart's desire
Can you have seen in the fire
Of the autumn woods ablaze?
And what but an ended tale
In the ashes few and pale
Of these Indian summer days!

CARL SPENCER.

REPORTS OF LECTURES, MEETINGS, &c., FOR LADIES.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON LECTURES.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S SEVENTH LECTURE.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY delivered the seventh of his elementary series of lectures on Wednesday morning last week, and it proved fully as interesting as any of those already reported in our columns. He continued his observations on the "vital" as distinguished from the "plutonic" agent at work in repairing the waste of dry land occasioned by the various forms of denudation. This "vital" agent, which Professor Huxley termed "protoplasm," is a complex body, consisting of the elementary bodies that constitute the organic parts of plants and animals—chiefly carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. Plants and animals convert fluid and gaseous matters into dense solids, which under favourable circumstances accumulate in strata of vast thickness. Peat-bogs on land and the extensive areas of chalky and silicious substance found at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean are examples of such strata. A no less interesting example presents itself in those extensive beds of limestone which are being formed at the bottom of the Pacific and other oceans, and which are the products of certain microscopic animals, technically known as actinozoa, more familiarly as polypses, or coral insects. With this latter branch of the subject the present lecture was more especially occupied.

Over a very considerable area of the Pacific the coral formations make their appearance in reefs and islands. They are to be found extending to 25° on either side of the equator. An extensive range runs along the east coast of Australia under the name of the Barrier Reef, which is about 1,100 miles in length, with a width varying from five to ten miles, and is separated into islands rising a little above the level of the sea. The islands of Polynesia are composed of similar material, and accumulations of the same kind are met with in the Indian Ocean in the Red Sea along the east coast of America, and among the West Indian Islands. The kind of formation now principally under notice is that known as white coral. There is a red coral, often made use of for ornaments, and similarly formed, by a reddish animal, which, like the white coral insect (or polypse, as it is called in either case), draws its food from the external world. It builds up in the interior of its fleshy substance a solid stem, mainly composed of animal matter hardened by carbonate of lime. This red coral is a comparatively rare substance, growing in no very great quantities together. It is found in the Mediterranean Ocean at no very considerable depths. The white coral, as already shown, is found in large quantities in various parts of the world. Both are formed by those microscopic animals called polypses, by the secretion of calcareous matter from their surrounding world. The coral, in fact, may be said to be formed more or less of their skeletons. The skeleton in the case of the white coral, differing to a certain extent from that of the red coral, extends into the actual body of the polypse itself. When the polypse dies away it leaves a sort of cup, which has in its interior a series of plates radiating from the centre. This cup or skeleton, containing the calcareous matter, is fixed upon the ground. The polypses are gregarious, assembling together in large numbers. Like other mortals, they have only a certain allotted span of life, and when they die they leave those skeletons of calcareous matter; generation succeeds generation, leaving similar deposits, until in the course of ages this aggregation of skeletons comes to form those extensive beds of coral reef already described. These formations must always be subjected more or less to the action of the waves, and be more or less liable to modification; but in any case there remains a certain residuum of the nature of hard limestone rock or carbonate of lime. The coral islands, with the natural ramparts they present against the waves, and the contrast they present to the blue sea, occasionally form very striking and picturesque objects. They are usually marked by peculiar lagoons, where in great storms pieces of the coral are torn off and worked into fine mud, which fills up the openings and hardens into dense limestone rock that will ring to the hammer.

In speaking of the coral formations of the Indian Ocean—namely those of Mauritius—Professor Huxley referred to the

notable fact that the reefs do not extend more than two or three miles from the shore, for this singular reason, that these coral polypses cannot live at a depth of more than 120ft. Having therefore extended outward to that depth, where the coral can no longer grow at the bottom, the formation must stop. Yet coral reefs are to be found whose bases stand far below that depth, and hence arises the question how they have been formed at such a depth. The question was a long and perplexing one, but it was settled some years ago by Darwin, who, bearing in mind that the bed of the sea does not always remain at the same level, but is subject to elevations and depressions from subterranean movements, asked himself what would be the result if the level of the ground upon which the reef grows should gradually change at so slow a rate that the growth of the coral upwards would be sufficient to compensate for the sinking down of the land. This suggested solution of the problem Professor Huxley appeared to accept as satisfactory, and he proceeded to notice another singular phase of the question, as suggested by the peculiar formation of that part of North America which is now called Florida. A considerable portion of that peninsula is of coral construction. It has been gradually extending, and is still being extended, by the operations of that same curious little folk, the polypses. The remarkable feature of this formation is the fact that it seems to follow the siltling of the bed by the Gulf Stream. The Gulf Stream, which sweeps round the end of the peninsula, brings with it an enormous quantity of silt, and as this accumulates at the bottom of the sea the polypses are enabled gradually to carry out their coral formation upon this basis without going beyond their depth, the depth of 120 feet, within which, as already stated, they have their sphere of existence.

All these formations, as the lecturer pointed out, are due to the vital agency of protoplasm, which is mainly made up of those elementary bodies existing in air and in water, the former consisting of nitrogen and oxygen, and the latter of oxygen and hydrogen. There exist in the air also certain quantities of carbonic acid and ammonia. From these and other elements, simple or compound, plants and animals derive their substance. Their organic parts, as already said, consist chiefly of the four elementary bodies known by the names of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen; and it is of these four elements, combining in a complicated sort of way, that the fundamental material of protoplasm is formed. Ordinary plants consist of protoplasm, each provided with a wooden case associated with the plant seeds, grows, multiplies, and is resolved into simple compounds, which are chiefly carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. Ordinary animals cannot make protoplasm, but must be supplied with it; ordinary plants can make it from carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. The matter contained in living bodies is continually undergoing a circulation from the non-living world, through the living world, back to the non-living world. The animal is dependent upon the plant, and so, in the long run, is the whole maintenance of the living world. The plant is of two kinds, one of which is competent to make protoplasm from matter out of inorganic substances without the help of air, and in entire darkness, requiring only a certain temperature, and certain materials for sustenance and growth—a fact which is of the greatest importance in respect of those lower forms of organic life which exist in the depths of the ocean.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S EIGHTH LECTURE.

Professor Huxley delivered his eighth lecture on Saturday morning, following up the proposition with which he concluded his previous lecture—namely, that the matter contained in living bodies is constantly undergoing a circulation from the not-living world, through the living world, back to the not-living world. The ultimate conditions of the circulation of the watery and solid matters of the earth, whether living or not living, are heat and light. One of the sources from which that heat is derived is the interior of the earth, but the heat derived from that source is comparatively insignificant. If there were no other sources of heat but the earth's interior, all life would very shortly disappear, all water would speedily be frozen, and the general temperature of the globe would sink to a degree below that of the coldest regions of the Arctic circle. The consequence, in short, would be almost absolute stagnation. Notwithstanding the excessively high temperature of the earth's interior, the amount of heat it is capable of giving out through the solid crust is so very slight and insignificant that it would be in no degree compensate for the rapid cooling which must ensue from the absence of external heat. The source of that external heat—the great source both of heat and of light—is of course the sun; and the supply of warmth from that source is so constant and so regulated by circumstances that, taking one year with another, or comparing century with century, the temperature of the earth remains exactly the same. That being so, one is led to inquire what the sun is, and by virtue of what power it is able to produce such an effect.

The first fact that strikes one is that the sun is a globe, and the proof that it is so is of a very simple character. Its outline is circular, and, such being the case, there are only two alternatives—either the sun is a flat disc of circular outline, with one face towards us, and the other averted, or it is a sphere. The latter hypothesis is strengthened when one looks attentively at the surface of the sun, and takes note of the phenomena which it presents. There are generally perceived on its surface, especially towards the middle, certain opaque spots, well known "as the spots of the sun;" and, considering the distance of the sun from the earth—more than ninety millions of miles—one may conceive of what enormous size some of these spots must be to be seen, as some of them are, even by the naked eye. If these spots are observed day by day, it will be found that they do not remain always in the same position, but shift across the face of the sun; and often happens that a given spot may be watched in its progress from the one side to the other, and, after being for a time invisible, may be observed reappearing at the side where it was first seen—a fact which can only result from rotation. In short, the surface of the sun has turned round, and a body which turns round, and continues to present a circular outline, must needs be a sphere. In virtue of these considerations, therefore, it has been determined that the sun is a sphere—a globe of enormous size with a diameter more than a hundred times that of the earth, which in round numbers is about 8,000 miles. This, the lecturer observed, by way of illustration, is about 60 feet high; suppose a globe having the diameter of this theatre, and take the globe of this dinner-table as the sun, more than six inches, this diameter will bear to the globe of the theatre somewhat the same proportion as the earth bears to the sun. A globe having a diameter equal to the height of the theatre would contain a million such globes as that of the

decanter; and, in the same way, the bulk of the sun is about a million times as great as that of the earth, although, being of a lighter substance, the sun is not a million times the earth's mass. The superficial material, as the progress of science has enabled us to determine, consists of gaseous matters, in a state of white heat, and it is by and through these gaseous matters that the sun radiates its heat into space. In this respect the sun may be regarded as a great ball of steam suspended in the atmosphere with some internal source of heat, and you must picture to yourself this heat rushing off from the surface in all directions, as if trying to establish some sort of equilibrium. In the circulation of heat between warmer and colder regions, currents are established, resulting under certain conditions in storms; and there is every reason to believe that those great spots on the surface of the sun are in the nature of cyclones or violent hurricanes.

Notwithstanding the excessive temperature of the sun, the amount of heat which it transmits to the earth is, in consequence of the smallness of the latter and its distance, comparatively insignificant. The comparative sizes of the two globes have already been shown. The distance between the earth and the sun is 11,500 times the earth's diameter, or 111 times that of the sun itself. The terms axis, poles, meridians of longitude, and parallels of latitude, which we apply to the earth, are applied to the sun in the same sense. The sun turns round on its axis once in twenty-five or twenty-eight days; for it is a curious circumstance that the middle part of the sun turns round at a quicker rate than the rest of it, the rotation of the outer part being slower by two or three days. So much for the sun.

The earth is also a globe; but one cannot satisfy one's self so easily about the rotundity in this case as in the case of the sun, as we cannot see the earth, so to speak, from the same point of view. But there are several means of testing the fact—a fact which, Professor Huxley was sorry to say, some people seem disposed to question even at this time of day. There is the well-known test of a ship at sea—the gradual sinking of the ship from view as it recedes, or its gradual rising as it approaches, being of course accounted for, within certain limits, by the convexity of the water's surface, which corresponds with the general contour of the earth. That the disappearance of the ship is not to be accounted for merely by its distance from the point of view, is attested by the fact that it cannot be seen with a telescope within the range which a telescope should command were the intervening space level, instead of being, as it is, convex. Another interesting test is by reference to the pole star. In northern latitudes it appears towards the zenith, but it sinks gradually towards the horizon the farther you travel southward. It would appear to do the same even if the surface of the earth were flat, but in that case, whatever the distance, it could never reach the horizon, whereas the surface of the earth being convex, the star at a given distance not merely reaches the horizon, but disappears altogether. The earth, then, is a globe, of rather less than 8,000 miles in diameter, and, as in the case of the sun, its surface consists of gaseous matters, by and through which it radiates its heat into space.

The earth turns round on its axis once in twenty-four hours. Proofs of the rotation of the earth on its axis are found in the diminution of gravitation at the equator and in the oscillation of a pendulum. The surface of the earth which faces the sun at any time gains more heat than it loses, and is illuminated. The opposite surface simply loses its heat and is dark. If the earth and the sun had no motion relatively to one another, and if the earth was all solid and did not rotate upon its axis, the hemisphere which happened to be turned towards the sun would be intensely hot in the middle and cooler towards the circumference, while the opposite hemisphere would be intensely cold, as the only heat it could receive would be the insignificantly small quantity derived through the earth's crust. If there were no atmosphere the contrast of climate would be less intense; cold winds would blow from all points of the compass towards the middle of the hot hemisphere. The effect of the earth's rotation on its axis, were there no atmosphere, would depend upon the direction of the axis. If the axis coincided with a prolonged radius of the sun, the only change would be in the direction of the winds. If the axis was perpendicular to a prolonged radius of the sun, all points of the surface at equal distances from the poles would be equally warmed and equally illuminated. The poles would be coldest, and the winds would be directed obliquely from the poles towards the



STATUE OF VERITAS.—(By Amaldi).—See page 374.

equator. In any intermediate position the parts of the surface at equal distances from the poles would be unequally warmed and illuminated, and one pole would be in everlasting darkness and cold. As a matter of fact the axis of the earth

is the last-mentioned position, but no part of the earth's surface is permanently dark and cold; and this latter fact is due to the atmosphere, which forms so important a medium for the diffusion and equalisation of both light and heat.

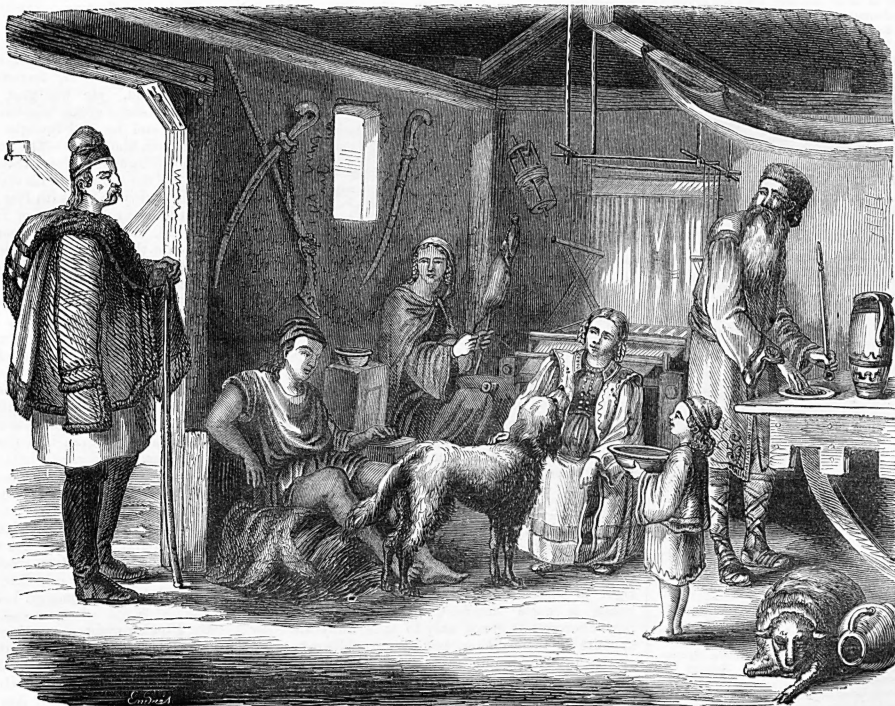
PROFESSOR GUTHRIE'S SIXTH LECTURE.

Professor Guthrie delivered the sixth of his advanced course on the Friday morning, and having pointed out in his previous lecture, as reported in our pages, that heat is absorbed whenever a solid becomes liquid, or a liquid becomes vapour, and that heat is liberated whenever a liquid becomes solid, or a vapour becomes liquid, he now proceeded to show that heat is absorbed by a gas or vapour when that gas or vapour expands, and illustrated the subject by some interesting experiments. A gas expands by heat, and if a gas can be got to expand without the application of heat, it is an inevitable consequence that the gas absorbs heat. The expansion of a gas without the application of heat is readily effected and shown by means of an air-pump and thermo pile. Air grows colder as it expands, showing that it requires and absorbs heat in the act of expanding. Take a quantity of air, and, without applying heat to it, increase its volume by employing the air-pump to withdraw the pressure from all sides; the expanded air is cooled, or, in other words, heat has been absorbed, proving, as already said, that to expand air heat is required. A body, therefore, is cooled when the air around it is exhausted by the air-pump. Compressed air escaping and expanding cools bodies in contact with it by taking from them and absorbing the heat required for its expansion. Compressed steam (above 100° Centigrade), in escaping, likewise requires and absorbs heat for its expansion. When the steam, heated by pressure to a temperature above that of boiling water, escapes, it expands suddenly, and the temperature of the steam is then less than that of boiling water. Measured by the thermometer it would be between 60 and 70°.

All liquids (the lecturer went on to show) strive to become vapours. The force of this tendency is called the tension of the vapour by the liquid. This tendency is checked by the pressure of the air. If the pressure of the air be removed evaporation takes place more quickly. A familiar illustration of this fact occurs in daily life when in order to cool a cup of tea one blows upon it. By removing the pressure of the air heat is absorbed more rapidly by the vapour formed, and cold is produced. The tension of the vapour of a liquid can be found by measuring the depression of the mercury of a barometer when the liquid is introduced into its vacuum. The tensions of the vapours of liquids vary according to their chemical nature, and according to the temperature to which they are exposed. If water in a bottle be boiled until all the air is expelled by the steam formed, and if the bottle be then closed and allowed to cool, no air can enter. A large proportion of the steam will condense; the elastic force or tension of the remaining steam will restrain evaporation from the water. After some illustrations on the subject, Professor Guthrie next proceeded to show that when a liquid is heated to a certain temperature the tension of its vapour overcomes the pressure of the air and the cohesion of its own particles. If the heat be abundantly supplied so as to furnish sufficient "heat of vaporisation" ("latent heat" for the vapour), the liquid boils. The temperatures at which different liquids boil depend upon the nature of the liquids and the pressure to which they are subjected. Water in vacuo boils at a lower temperature than when pressed by the air (15 lb. on the square inch). Liquids may be surrounded with exceedingly hot water without boiling. They defend themselves from the heat by throwing off vapour, which by virtue of its great thermal resistance protects them from the surrounding heat. Liquids thus evaporating often assume a spheroidal shape—an interesting illustration of which the lecturer afforded by means of the electric light and canvas. They assume that shape because they are released from contact with, and the effect of, the adhesion of solid matter; and the fact is known to be of importance in connection with steam boilers. Professor Guthrie illustrated his observations throughout by experiments.

PROFESSOR GUTHRIE'S SEVENTH LECTURE.

The seventh of his course was delivered by Prof. Guthrie last Tuesday morning, when as his subject, he proceeded to consider the effect of such heat upon different substances and surfaces. When heat falls upon a certain substance, and the surface is exceedingly smooth, it strikes upon that surface



INTERIOR OF SERBIAN PEASANT'S COTTAGE, BELGRADE.—(From a Russian Painting).—See page 374.

and is thrown off again without entering it at all so as to alter the temperature of the body in the least. That is a case of reflection of heat. Again, the heat may, under different circumstances, enter into the body, or become absorbed by it. It is not heat, but remains in the body, by the heat of which it manifests itself. Lastly, the substance may be of such a nature that the radiant heat which enters it is neither reflected nor absorbed, but passes through it. In that case the heat is said to be transmitted. But no body is perfect either as a radiator, an absorber, or a transmitter. Of a given quantity of heat falling upon a certain substance, a certain proportion, say one third, will be reflected, a similar quantity will be absorbed, and the remaining third will be transmitted. In all cases in which a substance is subjected to heat, a portion of the heat is absorbed, reflected, or transmitted. Heat which radiates travels in straight lines, a fact proved by a number of familiar experiences or occurrences in every-day life. If you want to screen your face from the fire, you put your hands up directly between your face and the fire, because the heat from the fire radiates in a straight line. If it were otherwise, placing the hands in that position would not protect the face. So in astronomical matters; when the moon comes directly between the sun and the earth the sun undergoes a total eclipse, showing that the rays of heat from the sun travel towards us in straight lines. If it were otherwise the light would escape round the sides of the moon and reach the earth, which is not the case. A "ray" of heat or light is rather an abstract term; it merely implies a certain quantity of heat or light, which travels in one of these straight lines—continually travelling in one direction from the radiant body, and forming, when multiplied, a bundle of rays.

Metals have the power of reflection in an eminent degree. Some are better reflectors than others; and the power of reflection seems to depend more upon the smoothness of the surface than upon the nature of the substance itself. There are certain substances with smooth surfaces which have not the power of radiating heat. Of a given quantity of heat falling upon a body, the greater the amount reflected, the less, of course, will be that which will be either absorbed or transmitted. A surface which readily allows heat to enter also readily allows it to escape. Hence, good absorbers are also good radiators of heat. The amount of heat which passes into or out of a body in a given time depends upon the extent of the body's surface. Within the same boundaries a rough surface is larger than a smooth one. Hence, within the same boundaries; a body with a rough surface absorbs and radiates more heat than one with a smooth surface. The colour has little effect upon the amount of heat radiated or absorbed. A blackened surface will more readily absorb and give off heat than a bright or polished surface. Water will sooner heat and sooner cool in a blackened pan than in a clean one, showing, as already said, that a good absorber is a good radiator.

Professor Guthrie made some interesting and beautiful experiments on this subject. One was with iodine of mercury, which, when heated, passes from a red to a bright yellow colour. The experiment consists in taking a sheet of paper, placing some iodine of mercury on the back, laying pieces of gold leaf on the face, and passing a hot iron at some distance over the latter. The heat falling on the gold leaf is reflected, while that which falls on the exposed parts of the paper passes through, the result being that when the sheet is turned the gold leaf portions of the iodine of mercury opposite the pieces of gold leaf remain red, while those opposite the unprotected spaces are turned yellow. The lecturer then proceeded to show by experiment that when a ray of heat falls upon a surface which reflects it, the angle of incidence—that is, the angle between the ray and the surface—is exactly equal to the angle between the reflected ray and the surface. By means of a concave parabolic mirror and a candle an experiment was performed by which the heat concentrated in a focus at some distance from the source of heat was exploded; and similar experiments were performed with two such mirrors, to illustrate what is called the theory of exchanges, by which the radiation of cold—if the term may be used—was made to produce, by concentration of the rays in a focus, effects the extreme opposite of those produced by the concentration of the rays of heat proper. Some interesting experiments were also made to illustrate the formation of dew and hoar frost, which are, of course, the result of the cooling of the earth's surface by radiation. In next lecture it will be shown, among other things, that heat and light are both given off from red-hot bodies, and that it is possible to separate the two forces, light and heat, and to get on the one hand dark or obscure heat, and on the other cold light.

Theatres and Amusements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.—This (Saturday) Evening, Les Huguenots. Eight.
 DRURY-LANE.—Phobus's Fix (At a Quarter to Eight) Amy Robsart—A Domestic Heiress. Seven.
 HAYMARKET.—The Wolf and the Lamb (At a Quarter to Eight) The Palace of Truth—Uncle's Will—Blue Devils. Seven.
 PRINCESS'S.—Peep-o'-day (At a Quarter to Nine) The Pretty Girls of Silbury—He's a Lunatic. Seven.
 ADELPHI.—The Green Bushes—The Miller's Wife. Seven.
 GAIETY.—Happy Village (At a Quarter to Eight) Fra Diavolo—Trom-baleazar. Seven.
 NEW QUEEN'S.—Aunt Charlotte's Maid. Saturday and Monday (At a Quarter to Eight) The Beggar's Opera. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, A Stammerer Night's Dream. Seven.
 OLYMPIC.—Poppleton's Predicaments (At a Quarter to Eight) Nell—Paul and Virginia. Seven.
 ST. JAMES'S.—The Orlage Benson (At a Quarter to Eight) Fernando—Christmas Eve. Seven.
 STRAND.—On and Off—Living at Ease—The Idle Prentice. Seven.
 PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Queen Stork (At Eight) Ours. Half-past Seven.
 GLOUCE.—Board and Residence—The Three Roses (At Eight) The Taming of the Shrew—Merry Dicks. Seven.
 HOLBORN.—The Married Bachelor (At a Quarter to Eight) Jezebel—The Odds. Seven.
 NEW ROYALTY.—Wells (At Half-past Nine) Whittington Junior and his Sensation Cat—The Redoubtless. Half-past Seven.
 VANDERBILT.—Chiselling—Two Roses—Ellenbeth. Seven.
 OPERA COMIQUE.—French Plays. Eight.
 NEW NATIONAL STANDARD.—The View of Wakefield—Estella—A Chapter of Accidents. Seven.
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS.—Equestrian Performances, Gymnastic Exercises, Performing Elephant, &c. Seven. Morning Performances every Wednesday and Saturday.
 CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous. Open at Ten.
 ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.—Christy Minstrels. Every Evening at Eight. Wednesdays and Saturdays, Three and Eight.
 POLYTECHNIC.—Mechanics Entertainment. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.
 MALL.—Lubbock's—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.



11. SUNDAY.—Third Sunday in Advent.
12. Monday.—Orion S. at midnight.
13. Tuesday.—Daybreak 5.53 A.M.
14. Wednesday.—Sun sets 3.50 P.M.
15. Thursday.—Last quarter moon, 9.10 P.M.
16. Friday.—Can. Mich. Term ends.
17. Saturday.—Oxford Mich. Term ends.

Our Letter Basket.

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PAPER PATTERNS AND DRESS MODELS.

To meet the wishes of numerous subscribers who make up their own materials, we have made arrangements by which we are now enabled to supply life-size paper models, fully trimmed, of any of the Fashion Illustrations that appear in this paper. For prices see recent numbers.

* Our Christmas Number, which is in active preparation, will embrace a variety of charming Tales by popular writers, Original Poetry, New Music, Christmas Cookery, new indoor Games, seasonable Novelties, evening, dinner, and fancy Toilets, and papers on other matters of peculiar interest, the whole being gorgeously illustrated.

MARCHITA.—Steam your crushed black velvet by holding over a pot of boiling water. Let two persons stretch the velvet above the water, while a third passes a smoothing-iron along the wrong side. The pile will be raised and the creases smoothed out. Cashmere should be lined only with soft materials.

A. W. E.—Black cashmere would look far better than merino for your pelousine to be worn with every dress. Bands of corded silk will trim it more stylishly even than velvet. Few new velvet suits will be made this winter; but those of last season will of course be worn. Velvetene paletots will also be used by those who cannot afford silk velvet. Close-fitting patterns are best for velvetene. The trimming is a double cord of gros grain at the edge.

"W."—The breasts naturally become reduced in size, by babies, and nursing; there is no way to restore them, but by perfecting the general health, and free bathing with cold water. Nothing will restore colour to calico faded with perspiration.

NEW READER.—Linen collars, edged with embroidery, are the most serviceable now made, for morning, house, and street wear. Your black under-skirt might be made of black cloth, velvetene, or the new black wool satin, which we admire greatly. Long over-skirts will be worn looped slightly.

OUR EXCHANGE.—We have forwarded letters to "Dodo" and "Ben."



SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1870.

"A MAN'S a man for a' that" may be all very well in theory, and no doubt sounds very heroic and proper in lyric poetry, but in practical life there are many drawbacks to its general application, and unhappily some of them trench very closely upon the ridiculous, especially when it is left for the over punctilious to decide between "worth" and "prunella." "The question of precedence," meaning who shall have the proud privilege of walking first out of the drawing into the dining-room when dinner is announced is one that we fear presses rather heavily on the troubled minds of many worthy people, when they attempt, by the aid of the neighbouring pastrycook and green-grocer, to "do the grand," as it is forcibly, if not elegantly, expressed in the vulgar tongue. Occasionally ladies in the "sere and yellow leaf" are particularly sensitive on the point, and the slightest and most innocent mistake made as to their right to march in the van of an army of hungry guests is quite sufficient, as a daily contemporary expresses it, "not only to take away all their appetite for their dinner, but also to obliterate every vestige of Christianity in their bosoms." Yet even they would probably shrug their shoulders with contempt at the behaviour of the Maharajah of Jodpore, of whom a melancholy story is told by the *Bombay Gazette*. It seems that on the occasion of Lord Mayo's recent visit to Rajpootana the Maharajah thought fit

to show his temper at Ajmere by staying away from the Durbar because he was not allowed precedence over the Maharana of Odeypore. In vain Captain Impey used "argument" with him; in vain the councillors of the chief and his son knelt before him on bended knees, piling turban at his feet; the Maharajah remained obstinate, and would not listen to reason, and at last, like a spoiled child, gave way "to a passionate fit of tears." In this country there is no excuse for doubts in the minds of those who stake their peace on the nice observance of such formalities as to who ought to be first in the dining-room, for there are many Acts of

Parliament and public documents on the subject of precedence, such as the 31st of Henry VIII., cap. 16; the decrees of James I. issued in 1612 and 1616; the 1st of William and Mary, cap. 21; the 10th of Anne, cap. 8; the 5th of Anne, cap. 8; the 39th of Geo. III., cap. 67; besides Royal ordinances, decrees, warrants, letters patent, &c., which everybody who asks anybody to dinner ought to have at his fingers ends, otherwise he might make the fearful mistake of allowing the wife of a younger son of a Knight Commander of the Bath to leave the drawing-room before the wife of a younger son of a Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, or, still worse, eject from the house a tradesman being a Burgess before a tradesman being a citizen; whereas if the two come together bothering for payment of a bill, the latter has the right to be kicked out first!

The elections for the London School Board have ended, as we expressed confidence that they would, in a signal triumph for two of the lady candidates—Miss Elizabeth Garrett, M.D., and Miss Emily Davies, Marylebone and Greenwich placing these ladies at the head of the poll by great majorities. Miss Garrett polled more votes by nearly two thousand than the four successful candidates who came immediately after her, thus beating even Professor Huxley; and Miss Davies distanced her nearest competitor by a majority which ought to satisfy her sex that the days of chivalry are not past and gone. Chelsea, on the other hand, with four seats to bestow, has given its preference wholly to the male candidates. The defeat of Mrs. Grey may not, however, be so much regretted by her friends, seeing that Canon Cromwell and Lord Lawrence are amongst the four candidates who have been elected.

The illustrious Indian reformer Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen arrived in Bombay from Europe on Saturday, October 15, and proceeded to Calcutta on the 17th, but, notwithstanding the shortness of his stay at Bombay, he delivered an interesting lecture to the members of the Prarthana Somaj and a general audience in the hall of the Franchise Cowasjee Institute on the Sunday. Only scant notice of the intention of the Baboo to lecture could be given, but the hall was crowded to overflowing. The lecture was addressed to the members of the Prarthana Somaj, and was principally devoted to an account of the Baboo's general impressions of England and the English; and on the whole they tell well for England, and especially feminine England. He was glad, he said, that on the whole the results of his mission were cheering in the extreme, and he had brought his countrymen glad tidings from the West. The gracious Sovereign who sits on the throne of Great Britain, and who had been since 1858 the Empress of his vast country, assured him, in an interview he had with Her Majesty, that she felt a deep interest in the people of India, especially in her daughters, and that she would always strive to ameliorate their condition. Then he passed on to the subject of English homes, which he said he greatly admired. "I do not think," he stated, "there is in any other part of the world such a thing as a sweet English home. Its sweetness, its purity, must command our respect; the well-regulated English family deserves your imitation and study. You see there not merely worldly happiness, temporal matters well managed, daily household duties accomplished with fidelity and honourable integrity, but you see there the spirit of moral righteousness and purity infused into the daily life, even into the petty details of daily transactions. This domestic life in England—essentially British domestic life in England—is not only sweet, but pure; there is not only joy and happiness on the one hand, but there is also a stern and severe moral discipline exercised by the elder members of the family, by parents over children." As to social customs, the Baboo seemed to have been shocked at the fashions in dress, and hoped that crinoline, for example, would never be introduced amongst Indian women.

On Monday night a meeting of the Victoria Discussion Society was held at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, for the purpose of hearing a paper read by Mr. Herbert Mozley on the Married Women's Property Act of last session. The audience was mainly composed of ladies. Sir Erskine Perry occupied the chair. Mr. Mozley, after going through and explaining the provisions of the Married

Women's Property Act, came to the question—Should the promoters of the movement in favour of the rights of married women acquiesce in the Act, or should they agitate for a better and more comprehensive enactment? He had no hesitation in saying that they ought to accept the latter course. He advised that there should be a most uncompromising opposition to any future amendment Act which did not offer a substantial settlement of the question. He considered an amendment Act, to be satisfactory, must repeal the Act of 1870, and substitute the measure of 1868, including, perhaps, the provisions of sections 12 and 13 of the amended Bill of 1869, which were identical with sections 13 and 14 of the Act of 1870, as to the liability of a married woman out of her separate property to maintain her husband and children to the extent of preventing them from becoming chargeable to the parish. He could see no injustice in these provisions, and no amending Act should pass without them. But should it be attempted to engraft any explanations or amendments upon particular provisions of the Act, while leaving the rest of the question untouched, he advised the society to declare war to the knife against any such attempts. Miss Faithfull next spoke, saying she was glad to notice that the question of the rights of women was beginning to be more freely allowed than it had been, and until they had secured a more just and comprehensive measure than the one passed last session they should accept the Act of 1870 in the light of half a loaf being better than no bread. She thought with Mr. John Stuart Mill that equality before the law was the best mode of dealing with the relations between the sexes with justice, and realising true happiness in domestic circles. Then Mrs. Pool spoke. She could not understand why women should not be allowed to hold property in the same manner as men. She did not think that there was any more danger of women misapplying money than men. Indeed, she believed that women were better able to take care of and manage money than men. No doubt there were many weak-minded and foolish women, but she believed there were a greater number of the same class of persons among the male sex. Nothing less than Mr. Russell Gurney's Bill, as brought into the House of Commons, would satisfy her. Mr. Curley stated that in the United States the tendency of the law had been to give greater and greater rights to women, and that it had been found to work well. After some observations from other speakers, the Chairman, in winding up the discussion, considered property had been too much mixed up with the question. The great object should be to establish the mutual happiness of married couples. He was opposed to anything that would have the effect of creating divided interests in family circles, and he was therefore not able to give his full concurrence to the principles of either Mr. Russell Gurney's Bill or the Bill which passed last session. He thought that a Bill might be framed which would avoid such regrettable consequences. No resolution on the subject was submitted to the meeting, however, and votes of thanks to the author of the paper and the Chairman concluded the proceedings.

New Books.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

(Continued.)

Stories of the Olden Times, arranged by M. JONES (Cassell), are somewhat of a novelty in modern juvenile literature, but the experiment is worth repeating. De Joinville's "St. Louis" and "Frisar's Chronicles," have been judiciously condensed and re-arranged, all the characteristics of the authors, including their quaint style, being however preserved.

Hester's Fortune, by the Hon. ISABEL PLUNKET, and *The Rock Light*, by ELEANORA LOUISA HERVEY (Warne and Co.), are both excellent juvenile books. The former contrasts, in the course of a story of much pathos, pride and humility; and the latter, which has been suggested to the accomplished authoress by the singular accounts handed down of the two earlier lighthouses built on the well-known Eddystone Rock, seeks to portray the growth of a fresh, pure mind, under entirely novel conditions. Both tales are illustrated.

We have also received from Messrs. Warne, "Our Kings and Queens," "The Doll and her Dresses," "The Horse," and the "Book of Trades," attractive and useful additions to their novel *Picture Puzzle Toy Books*, noticed by us on their first appearance; and a sixteenpenny edition, with coloured illustrations, of "Bunyan's Holy War."

God's Trial by Fire, by WALTER ROWTON (Houlston and Sons), comprises a series of thirteen chapters by a layman in favour of the doctrine of universal redemption. The author's abilities are not equal to the benevolence of his intentions.

All's Well that Ends Well, by M. M. S. (Freeman), is a tale for young children, of the simplest construction and but slight interest; while *Milly's Errand*, by EMMA LESLIE (Marlborough), is pleasant and childlike, and will find many readers.

Old Merry's Annual for 1871 (Hodder and Stoughton) is as thoroughly attractive as any of its predecessors, and that is saying not a little. It comprises the monthly parts of *Merry and Wise* for the past year—a fact that

should, we think, have been clearly stated on the title-page—but this aside, we have nothing but praise alike for the worthy editor's good sense and cheeriness and the publisher's liberality in the way of exterior embellishment.

The Mother's Friend (Hodder and Stoughton), Vol. 2, is a religious miscellany suitable for the homes of the poor.

Marmaduke Merry, the Midshipman, by WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON (Bemrose and Sons), is a spirited tale for boys, of naval adventures in bygone times. Its illustrations and binding are all that could be desired, rendering the volume very suitable for a Christmas or New Year's gift.

The Handbook of Greek Lace Making (Barrett, 13, Mark-lane), noticed some time ago in our columns, reaches us in a second and improved edition and is accordingly still more worthy the attention of ladies.

Madeline's Trial, and Other Stories (Hodder and Stoughton), have been pleasantly rendered from the French of M^{me}. Pressensé by Annie Harwood, the translator of Dr. Pressensé's works. The stories themselves are worth introducing to English readers. The dialogue is as sprightly as it is natural, the incidents are well chosen and skilfully marshalled, and altogether the volume is superior to the general run of children's story books.

Whatever stagnation there may be in other directions, the publishers will not allow us to forget that Christmas is near. Already the *Annals* are beginning to appear, not, it is true, heralded by the puzzling catch-word advertisements that the experience of the last few years has made us familiar with, but in other respects retaining all their old characteristics and holiday aroma. The *Belgravia Annual* fully sustains its reputation for variety, and if this be, as an honoured authority tells us, "charming," the abundant success of the venture should be assured. It has, however, more substantial recommendations—the contents are not only varied, but thoroughly entertaining, from the strong-flavoured ghost story of the opening page, by Miss Braddon—fancy a genuine ghost story with an old-fashioned ghostly illustration, after all that Professor Pepper has done!—to the poetical charade that forms the last stone to the literary edifice. Then we have *Tom Hood's Comic Annual*, strong in its illustrations, "Our Christmas Party," and the Reasons Why Some People Like it," being alone almost worth the price of the whole. This has been speedily followed by *Christmastide*, a holiday part of the *Leisure Hour*, blending the mildly instructive with the pleasantly entertaining, as becomes a literary bantling of the Tract Society. These form but the first instalment of Christmas fare, and additions will now be made from week to week. The *Almanacs* for 1871 are also beginning to appear, "Cassell's" leading off excellently.

NEW BOOKS FOR THE LADY'S LIBRARY.

Forbes's (A.) *Drawn from Life*, 3 vols., crown 8vo. 31s. 6d., cloth. Modern Etiquette in Private and Public, 12mo., 1s. boards. Paris-Follies: The People of the World, 8s. 6d. Wanderings in Every Climate, illustrated, 4to, 21s., cloth.

Music and the Drama.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The annual distribution of the regimental and other prizes of the London Rifle Brigade by the Lady Mayoress, in the presence of the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Under-Sheriffs (who attended in state), and other distinguished visitors, took place on Saturday. This event has generally some effect on the audience who attend the concert of this date, as its attention is distracted by various military bands which penetrate the concert hall from the centre transept. This influence was somewhat less felt on Saturday than on many former occasions, owing to the great attraction of Mr. Sims Reeves' singing. The Crystal Palace audience had been so recently and apparently severely disappointed by Mr. Reeves, that the greatest number of it seriously doubted if he would on this occasion fulfil his engagement. Some there were who so far resented the frequent impositions which renders Mr. Reeves' appearance in public so uncertain as to give vent to disapprobation when he came forward to sing; this, however, was not persisted in, and was quickly lost amid the general plaudits.

Mr. Reeves gave the scene from the *Prodigal Son* (Sullivan) "How many hired servants," and the series, or, as the programme well describes them, circle of six songs *Liederkreis* (Beethoven). Tender and exquisite in themselves, they could never be heard to more advantage than sung as they were by the great tenor, and accompanied with rare feeling and appreciation by Mr. Arthur Sullivan.

Herr Pauer played Beethoven's pianoforte concerto M 1, in C, with great skill and delicacy; but his last solo Rondo in E flat (Weber) was lost amid the general movement of the audience and warlike sounds from without. M^{lle}. Scatchi's fine contralto voice and artistic treatment of the Rondo (*Cenerentola*) Rossini gave great pleasure. Of the orchestral parts were played by the unrivalled band of which Mr. Mann is conductor, in a style absolutely perfect. The symphony in F, M 8, op. 95 (Beethoven) elicited rapturous applause, and the audience demanded and were gratified by a repetition of the second movement.

It is announced that it has been found impossible to prepare the opera of *Fidelio* for representation before Christmas. It will doubtless form an interesting feature of the next series of concerts after that date.

MUSICAL, LITERARY, & ART JOTTINGS.

The cheap autumnal season of Italian Opera at Covent-garden will close to-day (Saturday).

An English Opera Company, in process of formation by M^{me}. Parepa-Rosa, will commence a series of performances in London on a large scale next autumn.

Mrs. Howard Paul has accepted a short engagement at the Princess's at Christmas to appear as *Gil Blas* in an operatic extravaganza of that name. Mr. Howard Paul has

been compelled to suspend his entertainment for a time in consequence of ill-health.

The new company, of which we spoke a few weeks ago, have announced a series of Italian Opera Bouffas to commence on January 2, at the Lyceum Theatre.

Mr. Mapleson has made arrangements to give a performance of *Fidelio* at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, on the 17th inst., in honour of the Beethoven Centennial Festival.

The *Musical Standard* hears of a blind negro in Tennessee who does not know a single note, and cannot spell the simplest word, yet can play the most difficult piece of music after once hearing it.

The will of Michael William Balfe, late of Rawney Abbey, Ware, formerly of Audley-street, has been proved under 6,000*l.*; he appoints his wife "Lina" sole executrix, and leaves her all his property.

In addition to Mr. Labouchere, of the *Daily News*, Mr. E. S. Dallas and the Hon. Frank Lawley, both well-known men and representing respectively the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, are shut up in the beleaguered city—Paris.

M^{me}. Moschles has announced a prize of considerable value, to be competed for at the Conservatory of Leipzig, in memory of her husband the late Professor, who took such a lively and life-giving interest in that excellent music-school.

The Prince Poniatowski contemplates giving a performance of one of his sacred works very shortly, and with the aid of M^{me}. Patti and other vocal celebrities. During the London season the Prince will give a selection from his lyrical productions, with orchestra and chorus.

Kenilworth is a subject of which neither authors nor public seem to tire. A new work in illustration of the place and its history is now in preparation by the Rev. R. H. Knowles. In this volume will be included an account of the discoveries made during the excavations undertaken by the late Earl of Clarendon.

Mrs. John Drew is about to bring out a dramatised version of Dickens's fragmentary story of "Edwin Drood," at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia. The "Mystery of Edwin Drood" has been dramatised by Messrs. Pope and Austin, of the New York Opera House, and will shortly be put upon the stage.

Among others a project is before us for the addition of an aisle to the church of Swallowfield, in Berkshire, in memory of Mary Russell Mitford, the last few years of whose life, after leaving Three Mile Cross, which she has made a place of pilgrimage, were spent in that pleasant village. Contributions, we are apprised, have been sent from America, where she and her writings were much beloved.

The wife of Mr. H. F. Lloyd, comedian, of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Theatres, died a few days ago, after a lingering illness of three months' duration. She had resided for some years with her son, Mr. Arthur Lloyd, the comic singer who had lately been compelled to give up his career on account of his mother's severe illness. The cause of death was bronchitis and consumption.

M^{me}. Parepa was a few days ago surprised and naturally gratified by the receipt of the following note, subscribed by a firm of shipbrokers in New York: "Dear Madam,—We have been called upon to give a name to a vessel, and not having time to obtain your consent, have taken the liberty of calling her the 'Parepa,' trusting that the name so honoured and beloved in America may be to the 'Parepa's' a token of the success which it represents."

The last traces of the Colosseum are about to disappear. Erected in 124, it received much patronage from the last generation, and enjoyed a reputation for the gigantic pictures or panoramas exhibited there; but, after many vicissitudes, it ultimately succumbed to the more popular and central entertainments of modern times, and now its site is to be disposed of. It occupies about 81,000 square feet, possessing a frontage of about 300 feet to the Regent's-park and Albany-street.

The Concerts of Ancient Music, which were so successfully revived some months ago, will enter upon their second season early in the coming year, with the same royal patron and patronesses, and the same noble directors. Mr. Barnby and M. E. J. Hopkins still remain as conductor and organist, Lord Wm. Lennox as hon. secretary, and Mr. Ward as secretary. The four concerts promise to be, as before, of the choicest kind, orchestra and choir being alike formed of the best instrumentalists and singers in London.

On the first anniversary of the death of Giulia Grisi, who died at Berlin on the 25th of November, 1869, Signor Mario died at Berlin on an ardent wish to visit the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, where Grisi lies buried, to place upon her tomb an immortelle. He applied to the French authorities for permission to do this, but was assured of the great difficulty and danger he would incur by such a visit, and of the impossibility of being able to return at a given date. Upon being convinced of this, Mario reluctantly abandoned his intention, and is at present at Brighton with his three daughters.

"Battered to make a British holiday" is a saying which is specially applicable to trapeze performances. The prospect of seeing a fellow creature killed is now one of the recognised attractions of English music-halls, and the morbid taste of the audience has of late been gratified by a plentiful crop of serious or fatal accidents. Last week two "mishaps" of this kind occurred in Liverpool. In one case a woman narrowly escaped being killed or maimed; and in the other a poor fellow, while taking what is sensationally termed "a leap for life," fell from a great height and was severely hurt.

A new comedy in four acts, entitled *Ecce! Ecce!* has been produced at the Globe Theatre. The usual summons for the author to present himself before the curtain at the conclusion of the representation met with no response; but the audience appeared to be unanimous in attributing the new work to the pen of Lord Kerry. No statement in the playbill, or announcement from the stage, however, warranted this assumption. And it may be noted that the call for the playwright was more satirical than really complimentary, for *Ecce!* had failed to please—had, indeed, met with a very unfavourable reception. The play is clearly the work of a very unskilled dramatist, who has brought no freshness of invention to his task, and has been unable to make any adroit use of familiar materials.

A new play, constructed by Mr. Dion Boucicault upon the basis of a French novel by M. Masson, and bearing the awful title of *Jacobi*, or *The Dead Reckoning*, was produced at the Holborn Theatre on Monday. "The mysterious theft," "the detection," "husband and wife," "the deadly suspicion," "the tale of imposture," "the alarm," "the duel," "a terrible confession and a dead secret," "a scalded head," "the two wives," "the two men," "the two women," "the fears cold water," "a mare's nest," "the two voices," "the vengeance"—these are but a few of the spasmodic utterances in which the playbill abounds, but they will suffice to show in which the playbill materials the drama is composed. "Re of what sensational materials the drama is composed, a surging" would be no bad motto for the story, so common an occurrence is it that people supposed to be dead and buried turn up again as lively as crickets, to the utter amazement of friends and foes.

The Newest Fashions.

FURS AND FUR TRIMMINGS.

THERE are few novelties to record in furs this season. The boa is the prominent article in new and stylish sets. A straight flat boa a yard and a half long, and a small round muff, make up the sets that will be most worn. Flat boas, fastened by fancy "frogs" of passementerie, are prettiest for short furs; long round boas, tied at the throat, for black marten and other heavy furs. Collars are retained by those who require great warmth,

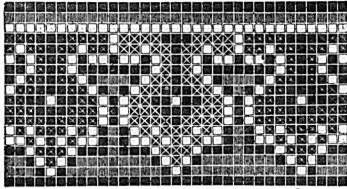


Fig. 2.—BORDER IN BERLIN WOOL.

and by elderly ladies. They are very small, are round behind, with square fronts finished by tips. A new and convenient collar has the neck opening low in a V shape, and turned over on revers, to be worn on dressy occasions, or filled in with a plastron of fur when it is desired to wear it high about the throat. Dark tail tips of the same fur, or of another of harmonious colour, are placed round the neck and fronts of collars for trimmings. Loops and passementerie buttons fasten the collar; long cords and tassels are out of use. Muffs are very small and round, are lined with heavy gros grain of the shade of the fur, and finished with fur tassels, or else very rich ones of passementerie. Flat muffs are only used by misses and children, and for skating. The newest are square, instead of pointed or curved, and are made of fur throughout. This is a fair summary of the present fashions in furs, but it may be well to particularise a little for the benefit of at least some of our readers.

Mink has long been considered the standard fur, but it now finds a rival in the light sables that cost no more than fine mink. It is a question with ladies which to choose—the finest dark mink or light sable. There is something to be said for each side. We usually prefer the best of its kind to an inferior quality of finer stuff; but we confess a partiality for fine soft sable, even though of the lightest shade.

Muffs of sable are usually larger than those of other furs, and have but two dark stripes round them. In lower grades of sable fur tips are not used for tassels, on account of their scarcity. A dark sable collar can be bought for less money than a boa equally dark, as the round shape of the boa displays the light centre of the fur.

Mink boas are not shaped to the neck, but are crossed over in front, and each end is finished with tail tips.

The black marten, or Alaska sable, is a long, beautiful, black fur, which furriers say approaches more nearly to sable than any other fur, yet it is the skin of the common polecat. This fur has been in favour in Paris for two or three years. The odour of the animal is thought to be entirely destroyed, though we have heard of cases where it returned when worn in close, hot rooms.

Fur seal of dark, velvet-like maroon shades is one of the richest and most durable of furs. It is made into pretty little sets, comprising a boa with a miniature head of the animal at the throat, or else with a collar edged with mink. This fur is especially pretty for young girls and misses. The new square pocket muff is much used of seal. Seal jackets or sacques are among the most stylish wraps of the season. They are shorter than those worn last year, are more nearly close-fitting, have a straight Byron collar, or else revers, and are bordered with mink or even sable.

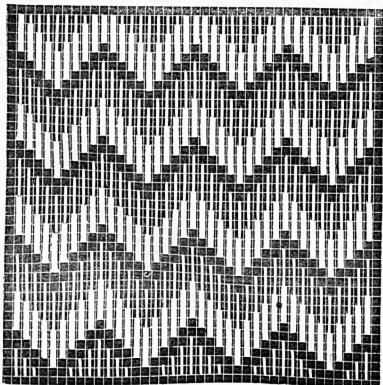


Fig. 4.—DESIGN FOR SLIPPERS, &c.

Grebe will continue to be worn, especially that with darker shading of grey, but it is too frail a fur to be commended except for dress and evening wear.

For people who have to study economy in their choice of furs we commend the low-priced Astrakhans in preference to the brown furs dyed in imitation of mink.

FUR TRIMMINGS.—Fur trimmings will be greatly used on velvet and cloth cloaks, and for trimming suits of velvet, cloth, cashmere, and silk, especially those made in the Polonoise fashion. Lengthwise strips of fur and the pendent tips worn last year were ungraceful, if not positively ugly, and are now abandoned. The prevailing fashion is to form a border round the garment of a single straight band of fur from one to three inches wide. The black marten or Alaska sable has the preference as a border even over more valuable furs. As the fur is very long, bands an inch wide of the skin appear two inches wide when sewn on. It is best to send the garment to a furrier to be trimmed; but economical ladies sew on the fur themselves. The upper edge is first stitched on the wrong side; it is then turned over, and the lower edge is hemmed on plainly, the stitches being concealed by the drooping fur. Fur bands, when well sewn on, have a rolled appearance as if wadded instead of lying flat.

FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

The present fashions are extremely convenient in one respect: that nothing is wasted, or, at any rate, nothing need be. Old dresses can be converted into over-skirts and dresses for children, and children's dresses can



Fig. 1.—PROMENADE TOILETTE.

be lengthened, by the addition of plaited flounces or scalloped bands, until they seem quite remodelled; while the loose gored waist fits almost any age, and is neatly held by the sash or apron, whichever it is, that completes the little girl's school and home toilet.

Gored dresses were objected to for girls for a long time, on account of the difficulty of making over or altering them; but this obstacle seems to have disappeared before a practical test. We find that gored dresses can be made for girls to last two years, and then altered by changing the trimming and adding ruffles or plaited flounces, for two years more.

It is never economy to try common materials for children. A French merino, a good Scotch poplin, or an all-wool cloth will outwear a half-dozen flimsy cotton mixtures, which afford no comfort or satisfaction even at their best.

The every day dresses for girls are of two kinds; the plain Gabrielle, with over skirt, fitted with bretelles to the shoulders; and the skirt, with tunic, which forms an over-dress, with body, long sleeves, and sash.

A pretty model for the first consists of a Gabrielle dress of green French merino, with a plaited flounce, laid flat five inches deep round the bottom, and headed with three rows of black velvet. Over this is worn a straight over-dress of black cashmere, with a band of black velvet put on as a border, and simply looped in one broad fold at the sides. Across the shoulders a small rounded cape forms bretelles edged with a row of black velvet. A plaiting at the wrist, headed with two rows of velvet, finishes the coat-sleeves, and a bow of velvet at the throat the entire costume.

To make it still less expensive, black alpaca braid can

be used instead of velvet, an old alpaca skirt used for the over-dress, ornamented with a strip of the green merino stitched on flat with black silk. This is not so new, but it looks very well notwithstanding.

A very pretty costume consists of a blue merino skirt, light blue, trimmed with two bands of black velvet, and tunic of grey mohair, cut plain in front but full at the back, and trimmed with a single row of black velvet, and with black velvet bows at the sides. The body of the tunic has a small basque attached and little revers in front, trimmed round with a row of velvet. A black velvet ribbon, with locket or crest attached, is worn round the neck.

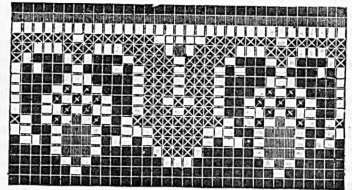


Fig. 3.—BORDER IN BERLIN WOOL.

Scotch costumes, for girls, are this winter made entirely of Scotch plaid, trimmed with black velvet. They consist of dress, cut with a basque and over-skirt—the latter straight and looped at the sides, but full and gathered at the back. A sash of plaid, trimmed with velvet, is made to wear with the dress.

Dresses for children from one to three years, are made of checked flannel or merino, cut gored, half high, and of a square shape, which brings them over the shoulder. The sleeves are long. The trimming is three rows of braid or velvet. Paletots of soft white cloth, bound with velvet, are the outdoor dress; or, for older children, tunics or paletots of velvet or velveteen. For little girls of three, or thereabout, soft bonnets of black velvet or quilted white satin are in vogue, trimmed with blue velvet and small curled ostrich feathers.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION ILLUSTRATION.

Fig. 1.—PROMENADE TOILETTE.—The skirt of black poul de soie is bordered with a flounce ten inches deep, sewn in on box-pleats eight inches apart. The flounce is headed by a quilting of black velvet, and a rosette completes each pleat. Under-bodice and tight sleeves of black silk; tunic and bodice of black velvet. The bodice is cut square with flowing sleeves, the tunic is fastened down the front with buttons, pointed at the side, gathered up at the back, and completed by a broad sash.

GOSSIP ON FRENCH FASHIONS.

(From a late Paris Correspondent.)

TREPOUT, November, 1870.

I have at last arrived here, after having spent a short time at Dieppe, and find a good many stylish costumes, evidently worn by true Parisians, who like myself have been fortunate enough to escape the horrors of a siege.

The most striking of the autumn dresses I have seen is the "mitrailleuse," a steel blue poul trimmings, of course, with flutings that look like organ or gun tubes, above the deep flounce round the bottom of the under-skirt.

The warmer dresses were llama or Algerian satin and wool (white) over velvet petticoats. The fringe round these llamas is wool, white and black fleecy, or Thibet fringe.

Tyrolaise hats will fight this war out; silver daggers have to keep them on through thick and thin—chignons. I rather admired a white felt one with a scarlet feather, which was pointed with black and tipped ditto all round.

Creme de Chine will also continue on the seat of war with marabout fringe, and rule thus over blue, cerise, and maize under-petticoats.

The peony ball robe has just entered, likewise, on the field. It is a white muslin dress, made with a train and flounce, above which a thick ruche of peony pink silk, cut out in the

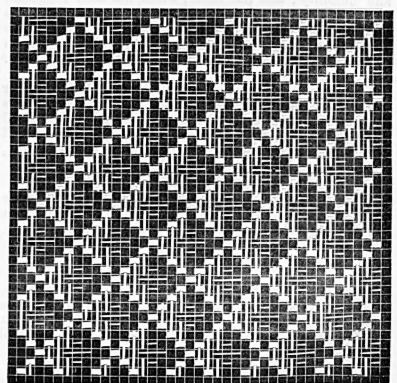


Fig. 5.—DESIGN FOR CUSHIONS, &c.

petal shape and drawn together so as to form a flower heading to the flounce. There are three white muslin paniers behind; to this and between each the petal-leaved silk ends. The same ruche round the bodice.

The feather-ruche robe is also white muslin, with blue silk threaded out to form a plume, and drawn together in ruche for trimmings.

I noticed that tunics are no longer so much worn separately above under-petticoats, but the skirts are generally very much flounced, pulled, or frilled, and the bodices are made with basques to correspond in every possible cut and shape. It is true to remark that the rage of dethroned Paris tailors appears to have vented itself on ladies' basques, so much slashed are they.

Then some jackets have short fronts and long backs, others long fronts and scarcely any backs; some have two fronts, one underneath, like a waistcoat much pulled down, and a tail over it besides. These vagaries will not last and it would be a pity to invest in them.

Coat-shaped ca-saques will. They must, however, have a masculine pocket, with flaps, a lace jabot and lace ruffles to fall over the wrist.

For quiet dresses black and maroon taffeta are principally used for skirts. These are trimmed either with flounces or ruches. Over this principal skirt tunics are worn, either of grey or in some shade of colour that does not form a violent contrast. The tunic is capable of great variety both of shape and trimming, and can give or entirely destroy the tone of a costume. It is, therefore, to this part of the dress the greatest attention is requisite. Bodices, whether high or low, are seldom worn without basques. These are frequently lengthened at the back to form bouffants. Over the bodice pelerine shawls can be worn the ends being confined by the centre, of which they appear to form a part. Lace takes the first place as a trimming material.

Among the prettiest fichus for evening wear we notice the Maintenon fichu of black crepe de Chine, forming a square upon the bosom, and edged round with a fluting of white tulle; the Novice fichu, of white crepe de Chine, edged with black velvet and a white lace border; the Regent fichu of grey, pink, white or blue crepe de Chine, open in revers over the bosom, with a small bouquet at the side.

Work-Table.

Figs. 2-3.—BORDERS IN BERLIN WOOLWORK.—These will be found very suitable and effective worked in the colours we have indicated, for borders of stools, or the edges of sofa cushions. Brighter colours must, of course be selected if preferred.

Fig. 4.—DESIGNS FOR SLIPPERS, &c.—Fig. 4 is especially suitable for slippers worked in three shades of blue or scarlet. Fig. 5 will be found more useful for cushions, ottomans, &c. The outline of the diamonds is in white wool, the ground of each being in two shades of blue, and the star of four stitches in the centre of each being in a deep shade of red.

Fig. 6.—INKSTAND MAT.—To be worked with beads and Berlin wool. The fineness of the canvas will of course be regulated according to the size of the article required. If desired of the same proportions as our engraving, then the canvas must match it in fabric, and the beads must be selected accordingly, as, if too small, the threads show, and if too large they cannot be got in. The scroll part of

the central portion of the design has an outline of steel, filled in with chalk white. The openings at each end, which enclose the escallops, have these formed of gold, filled up with transparent white, and having one black bead in the centre of each. The ivy leaves have an outline of white beads, the upper part the chalk, the lower transparent, filled up with a dark and medium shade of green Berlin wool, the veins being also in the beads as well as the stalks. The ivy berries are in two shades of crimson floss silk. The small escallop at the edge has an outline of steel, filled up with amber, having one steel bead in the centre of each. The ground is in black Berlin wool. The work, when completed, must be stretched upon a strong pasteboard and

accord it well-merited praise. The ordinary sewing-needle, as everyone knows, possesses but a single eye, varying in dimensions according to those of the needle, and in the smaller sizes being extremely difficult, unless the light is particularly good, for any but the sharp sighted to thread. Then, when this operation is performed, should the needle accidentally fall from the hand—an incident of not unfrequent occurrence—it is liable to part company with the thread, and try one's patience by causing a search for it. Mr. Morrall's needle is intended to obviate both these difficulties, and it does so most effectually. It possesses two eyes, the lower one being not only the larger of the two but oval in form, and thus is easily found and readily admits the thread, which is then by a slight jerk made to pass along the connecting channel to the upper eye, where it is securely locked. Thus the needle in question is not only much easier to thread than those in ordinary use—a point of no slight moment to elderly or near-sighted ladies—but it will not become detached from the thread, even when the latter is nearly expended, an advantage that speaks for itself. It is a further recommendation to Mr. Morrall's needles that they appear to be all of good steel and well finished.

'THE WHITE HAND (REGISTERED).'

Under this unique title, we have received from Messrs. Lillan and Co. a preparation that will doubtless commend itself to ladies who suffer from red hands and arms—a class who are truly to be commiserated, for amongst the physical attractions of the sex, few things are more charming than a small white hand and prettily rounded arm. Of course before using preparations of the kind it is of great importance to ascertain that they contain nothing deleterious to health, and we are glad to find therefore that, in reference to Messrs. Lillan's cosmetic, Dr. Hassell asserts that he has ascertained its exact composition, and that it is entirely free from anything of an injurious character, though well calculated to render the hands soft and white. The bottle containing the liquid is of white glass in the form of a lady's hand, and would be therefore rather a pretty ornament for the toilet table.

HERBERT'S PERFUMED WHITE GLUE.

Mr. Herbert merits the thanks of ladies for this useful *medium in parvo*. Though it consists of glue-pot, brush, and glue complete, the whole being enclosed in case, it is sold for a shilling, which would not be an extravagant charge even if the glue were less elegant and serviceable; but while this is warranted much stronger than ordinary glue, it is so prepared as to be perfectly white and also pleasantly perfumed, qualities that render it specially suitable for mending ivory ornaments, picture-frames, bookbinding, &c., and for use even by the most fastidious of ladies.

NOVELTIES IN SILK FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

A great difficulty with thousands of ladies at this season of the year—aye, and gentlemen, too, especially if they are blessed with wives, daughters, or sweethearts—is to procure articles suitable for presents, at once novel, elegant, and moderately inexpensive; and happily this want is felt this season at least, most effectually met by Mr. Thomas Stevens, of Coventry. By a skilful employment of silk by the loom, he is enabled to produce a variety of chaste and beautiful articles, in imitation of hand embroidery or mediæval illumination, at a price which a few years ago would have been

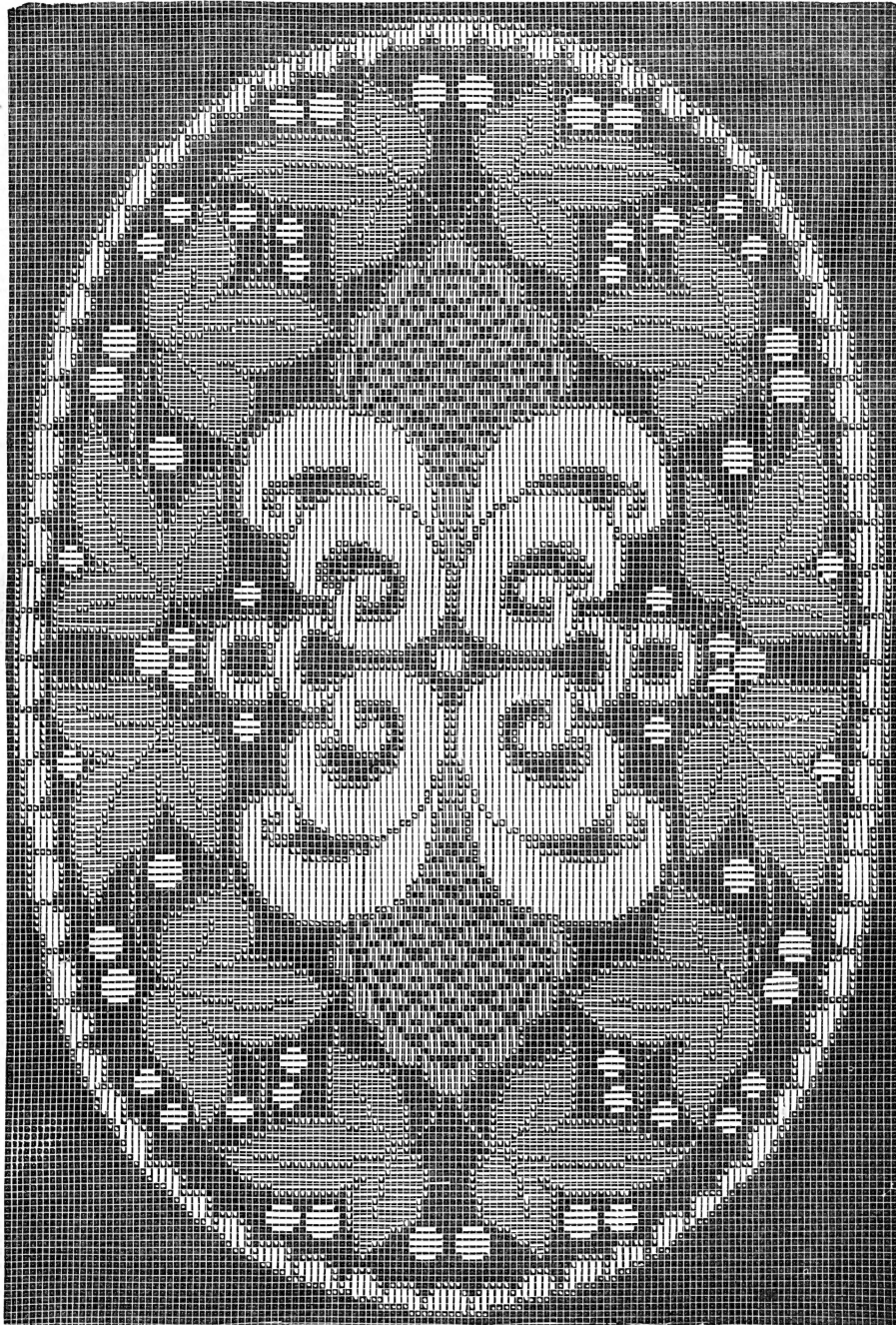


Fig. 6.—INKSTAND MAT IN BEADS AND BERLIN WOOL.

lined; then a thick cotton is to be sewn round its edge; being completed, make the join exact; and this is to be entirely covered with strings of beads, carried round and round, either of chalk white, or chalk white with a row of steel introduced at regular intervals.

NOVELTIES FOR LADIES.

MORRALL'S PATENT DOUBLE-EYE NEEDLES.

THIS decided novelty in the way of needles has been patented by Mr. Abel Morrall, of the Studley Needle Works, near Redditch, and after having submitted the ingenious invention to a severe and careful practical test, we are able to

WAR MAPS.—One of the best war maps published is that presented, through the medium of the grocers, by the manufacturers of the Glenfield Starch, to all purchasers of that popular article. Grocers may have them by applying direct.

CACAOINE.—Cocoa nibs on the removal of the oil fall into powder and this powder is Cacaoine. Cacaoine contains neither sugar nor any other extraneous ingredients. Cacaoine makes one of the lightest, thinnest of warm drinks, and is the most desirable of all for use in the later hours of the day. Cacaoine, by reason of its ingenuity of method by which the oil is removed, preserves the fine natural flavour of the cocoa nibs. —Prepared only at the Dispensary of Messrs. Homeopathic Chemists, 112, Grange-Russell-Street; 170, Piccadilly; and at their Works for Dietetic Preparations, Euston-road.

"I have used Davis's Pain Killer in my family for Bronchitis and Bowel complaints, and often given it to my men, and always with the most successful success. I consider it the best family medicine in use." —JOHN WINSTANLEY, *Cart Proprietor, Liverpool, Jan. 2, 1860.*" —To PERRY DAVIS & Son,

General News of the Week.

LOOK TO THE FISH.—During the month of November twelve tons and a half of diseased fish were seized in the markets of the metropolis.

MURDER OF AN OLD WOMAN.—An old woman named Marshall was found dead a day or two since in her cottage at Little Staughton, in Bedfordshire. She had been subjected to outrages of an indescribable character.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.—The Post-office authorities are employing female clerks in the London district office. We hope this may prove but the thin edge of the wedge to their competing for other departments of the Civil Service.

THE WICKLOW PERRAGE AGAIN.—The Wicklow perrage case is likely, we are told, to come before the public again in connexion with certain charges made against the present Earl by Mrs. Howard, which will probably form the ground of legal proceedings.

A GOOD WORK FOR LADIES.—The free dinner-table for neglected children which was maintained for the greater part of last winter in Edinburgh has been resumed, supported by the gentlemen by whom it was originally promoted. The rations consist of a roll of bread and a basin of soup for each child.

FAT POULTRY AND HOW IT IS OBTAINED.—A tradesman announced that, among other mechanical appliances which he would exhibit at the Poultry and Pigeon Show at the Crystal Palace, there would be one for cramming poultry for the markets at the rate of 250 per hour. The *Times* prints this announcement with the heading "A hint to the Humane Society."

MURDER OF A HUSBAND BY HIS WIFE.—A shocking crime has been committed at Sheffield. Thomas Pagden, a saw-maker, and his wife having quarrelled, the woman strangled her husband over the head of a hatchet, killing him almost instantaneously. She then went to her brother's house, and coolly informed him of the murder. Pagden was in ill-health, and suffering from paralysis.

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.—The King of Wurtemberg has assisted to the proposal of the King of Bavaria, jointly with the other German princes, to submit to the King of Prussia that the title of Emperor should be combined with the presidency of the German Confederation. An aide-de-camp has left for Versailles with an autograph letter from the King of Wurtemberg to the King of Prussia.

ROUT OF THE FRENCH LOIRE ARMY.—A despatch from Prince Frederick Charles, received in London on Wednesday, affirms that the French Army of the Loire has been "utterly defeated," and that up to Monday night no less than ten thousand unarmoured prisoners and seventy-seven guns had been captured. Previous despatches had accounted for only forty guns and but a few prisoners having been captured.

DEATH OF THE LAST OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S SERVANTS.—George Fairbairn, late of Broomelee, the last of Sir Walter Scott's servants, died at the Haining, Selkirk, on the 11th ult. Deceased was in early life in Sir Walter's employment, and when John Bruce, the family purser, became unable through infirmity to discharge the duties of his office, he was selected by Sir Walter as his successor.

CHARGE OF MURDER AGAINST A LADY'S MAID.—A verdict of wilful murder has been returned against Elizabeth Smith, a lady's maid at Torquay, who, having given birth to a child, placed the body, with a string tied round the throat, in a box. The accused asserted that she never heard the child cry, but medical evidence showed that it had lived, and that death had resulted from suffocation.

A YOUNG WOMAN LEAVING DOWN A COALPIT.—On Friday a young woman, whose name did not transpire, was observed to leap down a disused coal-pit shaft at Bilston. A rope was put round a miner, who was let down, and found the woman groaning upon a scaffold thrown across the shaft at about thirty yards down. Still alive, but suffering from crushed ribs and other injuries, she was removed to the hospital in Wolverhampton.

PRESENTATION OF PLANTS TO THE ST. PANCRA'S WORKHOUSE BY MISS BURDETT CUTTS.—At a recent meeting of the Board of Guardians the Master of the St. Pancras Workhouse reported that Miss Burdett Cutts had presented to the Guardians some fine plants for the use of the inmates; and it was resolved that the thanks of the Board be given to Miss Burdett Cutts for her kindness and liberality, and for the attention shown in the matter by Mr. Willard, Miss Cutts's head gardener.

SLIGHTED LOVE AND HEAVY DAMAGES.—At Manchester, on Monday, Miss Eleanor Marsh, formerly a barmaid at the Thatched House Hotel, Manchester, obtained a verdict for 1200*l.* damages for breach of promise against Mr. James Kenworthy, a cotton spinner, at Ashton. The plaintiff, it appeared from the evidence, was induced by the defendant in 1866 to leave her situation under promise of marriage; and up to August last she had expected that the defendant would carry out his engagement, but he then married another woman.

A WIFE MURDERER SENTENCED TO DEATH.—At the Manchester Assizes, Monday, Patrick Durr, a labourer, was sentenced to death for the murder of his wife on the night of the 17th of August last. The prisoner and his wife had been drinking together; they quarrelled violently, and the prisoner, overcome by passion, strangled his wife with a rope in the presence of his son. The lad was nearly fourteen years of age, and he said that, though nearly twenty minutes elapsed before his mother ceased her struggles, he was too much frightened either to interfere or call for help. Mr. Justice Brett, in passing sentence, held out no hope of mercy.

EXTRAORDINARY SWINDLE BY A NEW YORK LADY.—A wealthy lady of New York recently went through an extraordinary performance. She gave out her engagement to a gentleman in Washington, had the cards sent out, the guests came in numbers, many presents were sent in, the clergyman was ready, the bride waiting, but the groom came not. On an explanation being demanded of the astounded gentleman, it appeared that the whole thing was a delusion, or an invitation from the lady without the slightest knowledge of it on his part.

THE CATTLE SHOW AT ISLINGTON.—The 72nd Show of the Smithfield Club opened at the Agricultural Hall on Monday morning under a fog and a snow-shower, but otherwise under the most favourable circumstances. The entries of stock are considerably more numerous than they have been on any previous year, and the stock itself is distinguished by higher general merit. On Saturday morning a quantity of fat stock belonging to Her Majesty the Queen was despatched from the Royal farms, Windsor park, to the Agricultural-hall. Among the stock forwarded by the Great Western railway were seven splendid white pigs of the Prince Con-

sort's Suffolk breed, sent from the royal dairy at Fromore, and a handsome short-horn ox, fed by Mr. Tait, of the Shawfarm. These animals were all in magnificent condition, and attracted much attention while in transit.

QUEEN EMMA.—Regarding Queen Emma of Hawaii, Mr. Manley Hopkins, consul-general of the Sandwich Islands, writes: "So many people are united in killing Queen Emma, that I feel some delicacy in restricting that lady to life. However, Queen Emma was in excellent health at the departure of the last mail from Honolulu, and was pursuing her quiet and industrious course of usefulness among her people. Neither is she dead, I am quite certain, in the hearts of many persons who knew her in England. The Queen who died was Kalama, the widow of a previous sovereign."

DIOCESAN DEACONESSES' INSTITUTION.—The ninth anniversary of the London Diocesan Deaconesses Institution has just been celebrated by special services at Quebec Chapel. In the morning the sermon was preached by the Rev. C. B. Dalton, vicar of Highgate. He set forth the Scriptural authority for the female diaconate, by citing the very numerous instances of women working with influence and authority and made a warm appeal in behalf of the institution. In the afternoon the Rev. Canon Liddell preached and urged upon those ladies who have no home ties the privilege of adopting a life of self-denial such as that to which the deaconesses belong. The collections amounted to about 46*l.*

THE NEW KING OF SPAIN.—The Spanish deputation conveying the offer of the Crown to the Duke of Aosta (which in all comprised 109 persons) arrived at Florence on Saturday at one o'clock. They were received at the railway-station by representatives of the Court, the civil and military authorities, and the Spanish Embassy. The deputation was officially received at the Pitti Palace at eleven o'clock. President Zorilla asked permission of the King to tender the Throne to Prince Amadeus. On his Majesty signifying his assent, the deed of acceptance was drawn up and signed. The Prince is said to have made "an effective speech" on the occasion.

ANOTHER FATAL ACCIDENT TO AN EXPRESS TRAIN.—A collision, resulting in loss of life, occurred on Tuesday morning at Brockley Whins, on the North-Eastern Railway, about four miles from South Shields. As an express train, consisting of four or five carriages, was advancing towards the station it ran right into a long goods train which was running in a contrary direction. The result was most disastrous. Two of the carriages in the passenger train were smashed to atoms. The engines of both trains were completely wrecked; and in a few minutes five grown-up persons were dead from the debris, and a large number of others were found to be seriously injured. The drivers of the engines saved themselves by jumping off in time.

FATAL ACCIDENT FROM AN ESCAPE OF GAS.—An accident, supposed to have been caused by an escape of gas, has occurred at Hitchin Ferry, near Southampton. A widow woman, who resided there with her grandson and granddaughter, not appearing as usual on the morning of the accident, the house was broken open at the foot of the stairs the grandmother and grandson found in an insensible condition, and the granddaughter, on recovering consciousness, said she was awake early in the morning by hearing her grandmother struggling and her brother moaning, and was proceeding downstairs for assistance when she became insensible. An examination of the house has shown that there was a leakage into a cupboard from one of the gas company's mains.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE OF A FAMILY.—On Tuesday morning last week between one and two o'clock, the inhabitants of Sand Bank, Bewdley, were alarmed by the fall of two houses—one belonging to Mr. Harrison and the other to George Gillam. It appeared that the roof of both houses had fallen in, carrying with them the floors beneath. In Gillam's house a family were sleeping, consisting of husband and wife and four children, who were buried in the ruins. By the active exertions of a constable and several of the neighbours, the family were extricated. Dr. Webster was at once sent for, and examined them, but found that they had escaped with only slight injuries. Had it not been, however, for a large beam, which, in falling, had formed an arch over the beds, they must all have been killed. The furniture was wholly destroyed.

A LIGHT-FINGERED WOMAN.—Mrs. Ada Cappel, of 30, Beer-lane, Tower-street, was charged at the Guildhall, a few days since, with stealing a sealskin fusee-case from the warehouse of Messrs. Selber, Fleming, and Co., of 56, Wood-street. It appeared that for some time past the prosecutors' manager had missed goods from the warehouse, and days after the thefts had been detected. Dr. Webster was called and looked at some purses and fusee-cases. She purchased four purses, and the fusee-case she was seen to put into her umbrella, where it was found. She was given into custody, and at the station the searcher found on her 8*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.* in money, and three purses besides the four she had purchased. Alderman Lusk said he would take the most merciful view he could of the matter, and, treating the case as one of unlawful possession, fined the prisoner 40*s.*, or, in default, fourteen days' hard labour.

AMERICAN SPECIAL MISSION TO THE WOMEN OF INDIA.—On the 11th of November there was held in New York the first public meeting in that city of a society formed in the United States last year, in consequence of statements presented to the women of the Methodist Episcopal Church by Mrs. Dr. Butler, who has spent some years in India, on the subject of the alarming and degrading and soul-destroying condition of the women of India. The society first sent out as missionaries Miss Isabella Thoburn, of Blair, Ohio, and Miss Clara A. Swain, M.D., of Castile, New York, who sailed from New York for India a year ago. Two more female missionaries have followed these. One of the speakers at the meeting, the Rev. Dr. Trimble, of Ohio, stated that for many years women had sought for permission to go forth as missionaries to their sisters in lands in a state of darkness, but it had been denied until this society sent them forth.

STRUGGLE OF A CHIMP.—On Friday an inquest was held, at the Mile-end Workhouse, Bancroft-road, Mile-end, touching the death of Anne Elizabeth Connor, aged fourteen years. John Connor, a lithographic printer, living at 14, Salisbury-street, Burdett-road, Bow, said that the deceased was his daughter. He was a widower, and she was a domestic servant out of place. For the last eight years he had frequently flogged her. On Tuesday morning he struck her on the head with the leg of a chair, and she threw a loaf of bread at her head because the landlady told him that she had stolen apples. She then ran away out of the house and he never after saw her alive. He had threatened to break her back, but he had never scalded her. Several witnesses bore out the statement of the father, showing that he had rather understated his brutality to his daughter, who was generally a well-behaved child, and that there was no truth in the statement with regard to the stolen apples. The jury returned a verdict that deceased drowned herself while in a fit of temporary insanity,

brought on by the brutal treatment of her father, and requested the coroner to publicly censure him for his conduct.—The Coroner accordingly formally censured the father, who replied in anything but respectful terms.

MORE GUN ACCIDENTS THROUGH CARELESSNESS.—Two accidents—one of them fatal—from the incautious handling of firearms are reported. While the family of Mr. Amore, farmer, of Ulcomb, about six miles from Maidstone, were at church on Sunday, the house boy, Charles Fuller, took up an empty gun that was standing in the hall and began firing off caps. He then took up another gun, and, not knowing it was loaded, pointed it at a boy named Frid, aged eleven, who was on a seat to his sister, a servant at the farmhouse, and fired. The shot entered the boy's back, and he died in about three hours. On Saturday night, Mr. Edward Lloyd, wine merchant, of Stoke-on-Trent, was in his dressing-room with two friends, when he took a new revolver from a drawer, and remarking, "See what I have bought to protect my wife," he handed the weapon to his friends for inspection, holding it by the muzzle-end. One of them took it in his hand, and immediately one of the barrels discharged, and the bullet entered Mr. Lloyd's right breast.

CAUTION TO MISTRESSES AND SERVANTS.—Winter is rapidly coming on, and among the intimations that it is high time we issued our annual warning in order to put our readers on their guard, we find the following addressed to the *Times*: "A woman, tall and of respectable appearance, wearing a very large pelisse, called at my house on Wednesday, about 6 P.M., saying Mrs. Walsham had sent her for a dress of one of the young ladies, whose name she had forgotten; and while the servant, who left her in the hall, went to make inquiries, she walked into the dining-room and took a valuable velvet jacket with sealskin trimming. There were two jackets in the room, but, fortunately, the servant dropped one of the floors, and was standing in the same place when the servant returned to tell her that she must have come to the wrong house, as none of the young ladies employed Mrs. Walsham. The theft was not discovered for several hours after." This little story comes from Kensington, and we hope it will not be thrown away upon the inhabitants of other localities.

MORE FORTUNE TELLING.—An old woman named Marshall has been charged at the Henley Police-office with "using subtlecraft, magic, or devices by palmistry, or otherwise, to deceive or impose upon Her Majesty's subjects." A girl had called at the Henley Police-office and laid a charge of robbery against another girl, and when asked by Mr. Alexander, the superintendent of police, the ground of her accusation, she said she had consulted the woman Marshall, who had shown her the thief's face with playing cards. It turned out, however, that before Marshall refused to drop the cards she had given her visitor the name of the person suspected. Marshall sorted the cards, and the girl "cut" them until a queen turned up, when the old woman said that showed who was the thief, and named the suspected girl. The inquirer paid 3*d.* for this "revelation." After hearing the story Mr. Alexander had the prisoner apprehended, and at the time of the visit of the police to her house a large number of girls were waiting to have their fortunes told. The prisoner was sent to gaol with hard labour for a month, and the bench ordered a levy upon her goods to pay for her maintenance in prison and the whole costs of her prosecution.

WHAT WOULD HAVE BECOME OF HER?—At the Worship-street Police-court, on Saturday, Emma Clifton, aged about sixteen, was charged with refractory conduct and wilfully damaging a door in the Refuge for the Destitute at Dalston. The matron of the institution stated that the prisoner having been ordered to go to her room, refused to do so, and said if she was not let go she would kick down the door. The girl, on being removed by force, struggled and created a great disturbance, and when locked in the room commenced kicking, and finally destroyed one of the panels of the door, doing damage to the amount of 5*s.* The magistrate asked what would be the result if the girl were discharged. The chaplain and secretary of the refuge said it was impossible she could be received back into the home; and they were very much afraid that when thrown upon the street it would lead to her ruin. The magistrate said it was desirable to avoid such a result as much as possible. If the only inflicted a nominal fine upon the prisoner and she was at once set at liberty, could she not be taken back and allowed another chance? The rev. gentleman replied in the negative, and said that it was desired to press the case. The magistrate, remarking that he had but one alternative in the case, ordered the girl to pay the amount of damage and a fine of 1*s.* The girl was removed to the cells crying bitterly. Soon afterwards a lady, said to be "well known at the court for her charity and consideration of friendless girls," came in on other business, and, on hearing the story, offered the girl protection and a home. The offer was gratefully accepted, and the prisoner left the court with the lady.

A CHILD LOST IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.—A correspondent of an Australian paper furnishes the following account of a child lost in the bush: "Mr. Lillywhite, who has resided for some years at Boolcoomatta Station, North-east, left the place on the 8th of August for the purpose of proceeding to the Burra with his family. On the 16th they reached within a few miles of Parnaroo, and there camped. On the 17th five girls, members of Mr. Lillywhite's family, left the camp for the purpose of gathering native peaches, and after going some distance, the youngest, Katie, was left by the other four, who told her to take charge of the peaches they had gathered whilst they proceeded into the scrub to get more. On their return they found Katie gone, and thinking that perhaps she had gone to the camp they proceeded thither, but were told that she had not been home. After waiting ten or fifteen minutes the parents proceeded in search of the child, but without success. For thirteen days the parents walked into the head station at Parnaroo, and reported the circumstance to Mr. John Williams, who with three others and the disconsolate parent scoured the country round, but in vain. A vigorous search was subsequently made by police-troopers Dix and Finnis, assisted by several other persons. Bushes were beaten, two black trackers did all they could to recover the lost one, but all to no purpose. For thirteen days the search was continued, but the poor little innocent still remained missing. The weather during most of the time was wet and cold, and there can be little doubt poor little Katie Lillywhite is another to be added to the long list of those who have perished in the dreadful solitude of the Australian bush. The country around Parnaroo is extremely scrubby and densely wooded, and it is supposed that the little child whose age is but five years, crept exhausted under one of the low thick bushes and there died."

"I have one word more to say before I close of the Pain Killer which I consider a most valuable medicine. I have travelled a good deal since I have been in Kansas, and never without it with me. I used it freely in my practice for cholera in 1849 and 1850, and with better success than any other medicine." A. HUSTING, M.D., *Manhattan, Kansas, April, 1860.*—TO PERRY DAVIS & SON'S.

The Merry Hour.

Double you, oh man, is woman.

House Decorations.—Women.

PRE HYSTERIC TIMES.—Before tight lacing.

Name for a Female Analytical Chemist.—Ann Eliza.

A Baby's Bird.—A Crow.

A most distinguished Baron of Beef.—Baron Liebig.

BOOK-KEEPING BY DOUBLE ENTRY.—Enter a friend's room and borrow a book; then enter your own and keep it there.

A country grocer notifies the public that he has "Knew Syder for Sail."

Why are husband and wife not one, but *ten*?—Because the wife is Number One, and the husband goes for nothing.

A countrywoman, finding herself unable to whip her husband, shouted to her son, who was upstairs in bed: "Bill! come down stairs and lick thy fether, or else he'll be th' master of the whole house." She was evidently in advance of the age on the Woman question.

THE LATEST GEM.

Farewell, dear girl, farewell, farewell,
I ne'er shall love another;
In peace and comfort you may dwell,
And I'll go home to mother.

EDITORIAL DEADLY SINS.—The following are the "deadly sins," as viewed by an American editor: 1. Boring him when he is writing. 2. Boring him when he is not writing. 3. Reading his papers without permission. 4. Asking permission to read his papers. 5. Hooking his scissors when the "devil" is clamouring for "original" matter. 6. Laying profane hands on his proof. 7. Asking him who "Q," or "Quid-nunc," or "Q. in a Corner" is.

THE NEW BABY REQUIRES NO FEEDING, and is warranted **SOFT TO CRY**. A charming study of a Baby's Head, effectively coloured, nearly life-size, and altogether just such an innocent, bright-eyed, jolly little cherub as the ladies love to gaze upon. Creates quite a sensation when placed in the drawing-room scrap-book. A pleasing surprise to send through the post. Packed and free for ten stamps.

JOHN JERRARD, 172, Fleet-street, London.

DRESS.

THE WAR and the PRICE of SILK.

—The public is fully aware of the panic which lately existed in Lyons, and the many advertisements of the day have announced that people bought silks at that time at panic prices, and it is believed that large profits will be made on these goods in the spring.

Messrs. JAY made some very extraordinary purchases at the end of October, and it is supposed, the very latest in Lyons shipped to England via Marseilles after the fall of Metz, and, having determined to realise upon them at once, Messrs. JAY offer Black Silk at the following prices, patterns free: Gros de Sens, 14 yards all silk, 2 guineas the dress. Rich Gros Grain, ditto wide width, 13½ yards 4 guineas the dress.

JAYS.

MUFF WARMER.—New Design. For Ladies Driving or Travelling. An elegant and Seasonable Present. Retains the Heat 4 hours.

MUFF WARMER.—Attention is respectfully invited to the above, which, from its size, shape, and material, must recommend itself to all Ladies driving or travelling.

MUFF WARMER.—New Design. To be obtained in best Hard Fawcett, or the same strongly Silver Plated.

MUFF WARMER.—New Design. Retail of all first-class Fancy Reposement.

Wholesale ONLY of Watts, Sole Inventor, 39, King-street, Southfield.

IT IS DESERVEDLY PRONOUNCED THE MOST CERTAIN REMEDY.

M C MASTER'S UNIVERSAL HAIR RESTORER, Fragrant, Simple, and Stainless.

Restores the Hair to a luxuriant growth, and effectually restores the colour.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, in Bottles, 6s. each.

HAIR DESTROYER.—24s. High Holborn, London.—ALEX. ROSS'S DEPENDABLE REMOVES superfluous hair from the face, neck, and arms, without effect to the skin. Price 3s. 6d., 6s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; sent for 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. in stamps.

Patent, and other Combinations. ALEXANDER ROSS'S "Toliet Magazine," monthly, 1s.

CUBIT'S ELIXIR OF STRENGTH.—A Cure for INDIGESTION, WIND, SPASMS, HEADACHE, BILIOUS LIVER COMPLAINTS; moving all Eruptions, Pimples, Freckles, and restoring to the pale countenance a beautiful, clear, healthy, and blooming appearance.—Sold in cases at 11s., 4s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and small size 1s. 11d. each, by Barclay, Farringdon-street; Butler, 4, Chancery; Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; Edwards, 33, Old Chancery; and all Chemists. Any size sent free of postage by post on receipt of stamps by Dr. CUBIT, 6, CHANCERY-LANE, LONDON, E.C.

THREE PRIZE MEDALS. PARIS EXHIBITION, 1867.

PURE PICKLES, SAUCES, JAMS, and TABLE DELICACIES OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY, Manufactured by

CROSSE and BLACKWELL, PURVEYORS TO THE QUEEN, Proprietors of Captain White's Oriental Pickle, Curry Paste, and other Condiments.

Retail in all parts of the World, and Wholesale at the Manufactory, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

In Hebron, on the grave of Mrs. Buel, is this peculiar verse:

"Dear as thou art, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee;
One thought shall catch the falling tear—
It is, that I am free."

MODERN HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

Lady: "Four of those chairs which I so lately purchased of you are broken." Upholsterer: "Indeed, madame! The only way in which I can account for that is, that some one must have been sitting on them!"

I'M THIRTY-TWO.

By Waverly.

I'm thirty-two, I'm thirty-two,
Oh! I shall I never wed!
And can it be that one like me
Shall ne'er be married?
I've sung and danced, and on my knees
Have prayed till night was gone,
But ne'er a swain came serious yet,
Alas! I'm yet alone!

I've wink'd at Charles, yes, wink'd at all
The gayest of the beaux;
But Cupid, rogue, between us popp'd,
With finger on his nose;
'Tis true I've laughed with Will and Ben,
And flirted with John Lowe;
But then it was when I was young,
Or younger much than now.

Oh, come, kind swains, come one, come all,
Forego not Fanny Day;
How would you feel to see her fade,
A flower unpluck'd, away?
I care not who, he's not black,
And rather kind and clever;
I'd rather be some sorry jade,
Than live a maid for ever.

READING'S Invalid Cot Carriages.

The Greatest Ease and Comfort ever introduced for Removing Invalids, being fitted up with the PATENT ROSSWELL WHEELS, and the New Tubular Air-Beds, may be engaged, on Moderate Terms, for any journey.

H. & J. READING,

COACH-BUILDERS,

14, RIDING-HOUSE-ST., LAMHANG PL.
Also a good assortment of new and second-hand Broughams and other Carriages for Sale or on Hire.

ASK YOUR GROCER OR CHEMIST FOR

GEYELIN'S TAPIOCA BEEF BOUILLON,

A most delicious and nutritious Beef and Tapioca Soup, in a dry granular form, for 3d. a pint (in a few minutes), Sold in Cansisters containing 5 portions, 1s.; 12 do., 2s. 3d.; 25 do., 4s. 6d.; 50 do., 8s. 6d.; 100 do., 16s. Each portion will make a Pint of Soup.

No Housekeeper should be without.

INTERNATIONAL MUSTARD, in ½ lb. 1s. 0d., and 1 lb. jars 1s. 6d. GRANULATED TAPIOCA,

For Puddings, Custards, and thickening Broths, &c. To be had of all Wholesale and Retail Grocers, Chemists, &c. Sole Manufacturers—GEYELIN & CO., Wine and Foreign Produce Merchants, Belgrave House, Argyle-square, King's-cross, London W.C.

TAMAR INDIEN,

A Laxative, Refreshing, and Medicated Fruit Lozenge, for the immediate Relief and specific Cure of

CONSTIPATION and ITS CONSEQUENCES,

SUCH AS

CEREBRAL CONGESTION, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, BILE, HÆMORRHOIDS, &c.

TAMAR (unlike pills and the usual purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation; for which reason it is invaluable to all persons of weak or nervous temperament, and particularly to ladies, especially prior and subsequent to confinement. It is recommended by the most eminent physicians of Paris, notably Drs. BELIN and TARDIER, who prescribe it constantly for the above complaints, and with the most marked success.

PREPARED BY E. GRILLON, PHARMACIEN, 25, RUE DE GRAMMONT, PARIS;

And Sold by MESSRS. BARCLAY & SONS, Farringdon-street, London.

Price 2s. 6d. per Box (stamped); by post 2s. 7d.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

ADVICE TO INVALIDS.—If you wish to obtain quiet refreshing sleep, free from headache, relief from pain and anguish, to calm and assuage the weary agonies of protracted disease, invigorate the nervous system and regulate the circulating system of the body, you will provide yourself with that marvellous remedy discovered by DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff), to which he gave the name of

CHLORODYNE.

And which is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered. CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, CHLORODYNE effectually checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—Diphtheria, Fever, Croup, Ague. CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery. CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Exaltation, and Spasms. CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Menstritis, &c.

From Lord FRANCIS COWLEYMAN, Mount Charles, Donegal, Dec. 11, 1868.
"I have used your Chlorodyne, and I can tell you that it is a most wonderful medicine, and has found it a most wonderful medicine, will be glad to have half a dozen bottles sent at once to the above address."

"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manila, in the fact that Cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the only remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE."—See *Lancet*, December 4, 1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PHRASES AND IMITATIONS.

CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which he regretted to say, had been sworn to—See *Times*, July 13, 1861.
Sold in bottles at 1s. 11d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words, "Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Government Stamp. Overhauling Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle.

Sole Manufacturer—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London.

KELSEY'S 15, Tottenham-court-road. KELSEY'S
FAMED 130, Tottenham-court-road. FAMED
114, Upper-street, Islington.
KID BOOTS, 6s. 6d. 48, High-street, Kingsland. KID BOOTS, 6s. 6d.

THE Best WINE for LADIES and INVALIDS, highly recommended by eminent physicians. Sparkling VIOYRAT CHAMPAGNE, from the West of France (Arrondissement of Reims, Sole Agent for England); price, 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., half-pints. Rich medium or dry. (See *Medical Times*, Dec. 26, 1869.) A. H. BROWNE's new pamphlet on application.

EARRINGS WITHOUT PIERCING THE EARS.
SEARLE'S PATENT EARRINGS.
In Fine Gold, Jet, Malachite, &c., are very elegant and perfectly secure. They are worn by ladies who can not pierce their ears. To be had of G. E. SEARLE, Goldsmith (sole Patentee), 23, Bedford-street, Finsbury, London. Drawings and Prices sent post free.

(From Punch.)
"One small head can carry all I know."—Writer on half-penny card.

Not Forbidden by the Rubric.—One more bow for Mr. Mackonochie. He is required to bow to the decision of the Privy Council.

WHO WOULD WISH TO READ THEM?—Imitation has been termed the truest form of flattery; but we doubt if many authors would feel themselves much flattered, if their literary successes were found to be successful, at the hands of other writers, by imitative sequels such, for instance as, the following: "Sweet as a Nut;" a sensation story, written for the readers of "Bitter the Rind." "The Mouser's Mission," a stirring tale of feline life: for the amusement of those who have been pleased by "The Cat's Pilgrimage." "Pots and Properties;" a handbook for the table; published as a pendant to "Cups and Customs." "Echoes of the Future;" an imaginative poem, founded on the novel "Beyond these Voices." "Purchased for a Song;" a sequel to the Story of "Bought with a Price." "Meandering 'mid Malachites;" a book of foreign travels, by a student and admirer of "Zig-zagging among Dolomites." "Printed and Published to Amuse;" a companion story to follow "Bound to Please." "Born with a Blessing;" a novel to be read after "Baptized with a Curse."

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

[These Announcements are inserted at the uniform rate of 2s. 6d. each.

BIRTHS.

On the 2nd inst., at 27, Victoria-street, Westminster, the wife of C. Hawkey, Esq., C.E., of a daughter.
On the 3rd inst., at 1, Summer-place, South Kensington, the wife of P. F. Ross, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 2nd inst., at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, by the Rev. W. J. Richardson, Henry Logan, Esq., to Ellen, eldest daughter of the late J. Almond, Esq., of 6, Clifford-street.
On the 2nd inst., at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, by the Rev. W. J. Richardson, Walter Logan, Esq., to Elizabeth Mary Almond (Bessie), younger twin daughter of the late J. Almond, Esq., of 6, Clifford-street.

DEATHS.

On the 1st inst., at Brighton, Miss Caroline Frances Champion, aged eighty-two.
On the 1st inst., at 60, Arlington-street, Mr. William Meggs, aged seventy-five.

JUDSON'S SIMPLE DYES FOR THE PEOPLE (REGISTERED)

Are undoubtedly the most useful articles ever offered to the public. Any one can use them. Anything can be dyed with them in a few minutes, without skill or hands. In England "JUDSON'S DYES" are as "Household Words." Articles of Clothing that have been put aside as faded and useless may be made nearly equal to new by merely following the simple directions appended to each bottle of Dye.

NAMES OF COLOURS.

Magenta, Mauve, Violet, Scarlet,
Green, Blue, Purple, Pink,
Crimson, Brown, Canary, Orange,
Black, Puce, Lavender, Slate.
Price 6d. per Bottle.

May be had of Druggists and Storekeepers throughout the world, or wholesale of

DANIEL JUDSON & SON,
SOUTH MARK STREET, LONDON.

A small bottle of Colour will dye 12 yards of Bonnet Ribbon. See that you get "JUDSON'S SIMPLE DYES," the wonderful popularity of which has caused numerous inferior imitations, which are calculated to injure both buyers and sellers. Ask for Judson's Catalogue of Instructions how to use the Dyes for twenty different purposes.

THE GOVERNESSES' INSTITUTION,
4, SOHO-SQUARE, LONDON.

Miss WAGHORN invites attention to her REGISTER of English and Foreign Governesses, Teachers, Companions, Tutors, and Professors. School property transferred, and Pupils introduced in England, France, and Germany.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

For more than half a century KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS have stood the test of experience, and, despite many rivals, have surpassed them all. Acting directly on the blood, they strike at the very root of disease, revivify the system, and in most cases effect an entire cure.

Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines, at 1s. 11d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box.

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS.

Price 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d. per box.
This preparation is one of the benefits which the science of modern chemistry has conferred upon mankind; for during the first twenty years of the present century to speak of a cure for the Gout was considered a romance, but now the efficacy and safety of this Medicine is so fully demonstrated, by uncoloured testimonials from persons in every rank of life, that public opinion proclaims this as one of the most important discoveries of the present age.

These Pills require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, or obtained through any Chemist.

TO MOTHERS!!!

DR. NAPIER'S SOOTHING POWDERS, a safe, mild, and effective remedy for all the Affections incident to Children, from infancy to the same years of age.

These are the same as prescribed daily by the most eminent and experienced physicians, and, except under some very peculiar circumstances, nothing better could possibly be given.

Sold in packets, 1s. 11d., post free for the same amount in stamps, from the Depot, 75, Allen-road, Stoke Newington; and of all Chemists.

WHOOFING-COUGH CURED IN TEN DAYS.

DR. NAPIER'S WHOOFING-COUGH POWDERS!!!
Prices as above.

CEMENT for BROKEN ARTICLES, & FOULCES' CEMENT will unite any

Material, from Glass and Leather to Wood and Iron, and the articles joined bear washing in boiling water. It combines transparency with unequalled strength and freedom from unpleasant odor, admits of great neatness, and is of easy application. A few of the uses to which it may be applied: The repair of every description of Household Glasses and Earthenware, Glass Shades, Chintz Ornaments, pieces of Vases, the Binding of Books, Chippings of Furniture, Picture Frames, Mounting Prints, Marble and Alabaster Goods, Fossils, Ornaments in Ivory and Bone, Vases and Pendants. Costly vases, Ancient and Modern, that cannot be replaced, may, with this cement, be renewed, however much broken.

Sold in bottles, at 1s. Sold by all respectable Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, and prepared only by the Sole Inventor and Maker, W. J. FOULCES, Operative Chemist, Brickhead.

PRIZE MEDAL. PARIS EXHIBITION, 1867.

H. BOCK-BINKO'S,
3, CITY GARDENS, LONDON, N.

PATENT IMPERIAL PAPER BLUE,
For LAUNDRY and HOUSEHOLD PURPOSES.
This Blue needs no recommendation: it will recommend itself. Every lady who has used it is charmed with its cleanliness, simplicity, and cheapness.

Sold in Penny Packets.
And is far cheaper than any other Blue.
Samples sent out to the Trade gratis on application.
BINKO'S BAKING POWDER,
LIEBIG'S PRINCIPLE.
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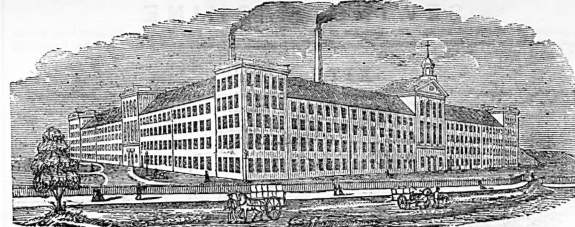
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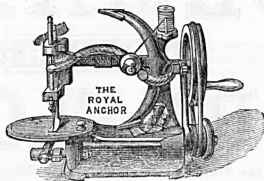
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